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SEVENTY YEARS AT  
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# SEVENTY YEARS

AT

## WESTMINSTER

*WITH OTHER LETTERS AND NOTES OF*

THE LATE RIGHT HONBLE.

SIR JOHN MOWBRAY, BART., M.P.  
—

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages are composed chiefly of three articles which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' The first two articles were published in my father's lifetime, and were taken down for the most part as dictated from memory, which in his case was singularly vivid and tenacious: for the third, which he had only commenced at the time of his death, I am responsible. They are now republished, with some additions, at the desire of many of his friends. My father was always unwilling to publish anything in the nature of a formal auto-

biography. He never kept notes or diaries of any kind, except on a few special occasions; but he was a great letter-writer to his family, and above all to his mother, who lived to a very great age, and I have drawn largely on these letters. While preserving as far as possible the informal character of his narrative, I have, as will be seen, woven into it letters and stories which I thought might add to its interest.

EDITH M. MOWBRAY.

*Nov. 1900.*

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I.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, 1815-1833



## SEVENTY YEARS AT WESTMINSTER.

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### I.

#### WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, 1815-1833.

A GLIMPSE OF NAPOLEON—DEATH OF GEORGE III.—AND OF GEORGE IV.—CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE—QUEEN VICTORIA'S MARRIAGE—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—RECOLLECTIONS OF HOUSE OF LORDS—AND OF THE COMMONS—THE REFORM BILLS—DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY FIRE.

I MAY as well begin with the first incident in my life's history. It is a joke in my family that I once saw the First Napoleon. And I don't see that any one could very well dispute the assertion, if I chose to make it. I was born on June 3, 1815, at Exeter—fifteen days before Waterloo; and

a month later was taken to Teignmouth with my mother after her convalescence. The *Bellerophon*, with the Emperor on board, was anchored in Torbay on the evening of July 24, and lay there until the morning of the 26th. During that time crowds of little boats put off with folks anxious to catch a glimpse of the great Napoleon. My people did not go owing to some accident; but as it was, my mother was on the shore, and I was close by in the nurse's arms, on the 25th of July, to see what could be seen. So that it is not impossible that (though I do not know it) I set eyes upon the *Bellerophon*, with Napoleon standing on the deck.

I was born, at any rate, at a time when the memory of the great Emperor was quite fresh, and the terror of the name of Buonaparte had scarcely passed away. I remember well hearing of his death, in 1821. Mr Balcombe, with whose family Napoleon was

intimate at St Helena, was a friend of my grandfather, and sent him news from Longwood. He sent also a walking-cane of the Emperor's, which I have in my possession now.

One of my earliest recollections is of the news of George III.'s death coming to us in Devonshire. My mother was in grief and tears on the receipt of it: we were always a strong Tory family, and the good old king was held in affectionate veneration by his loyal subjects. In 1821 I was at Exeter Cathedral, at a crowded service on the day of the coronation of George IV. From the nursery upwards I was a great politician. I learnt to abhor Queen Caroline. I diligently read 'John Bull,' and was confirmed in my Toryism by Theodore Hook. I watched with keen interest the struggles between Mr Canning and Mr Peel for the ascendancy of the Tory party, and was an early Peelite. I rejoiced in

the downfall of the short - lived Canning Administration. I attended county meetings and signed petitions against Roman Catholic Emancipation ; and was, of course, greatly irate with the Duke and Peel for their surrender. In 1829 I went to Westminster School.

George IV. died on June 26, 1830. I find the following letters written by me to my mother at this time :—

*June 26, 1830.*

You will have been informed of the termination of the reign of his Majesty George the IVth ; he died about  $\frac{1}{4}$ -past 3 this morning. S. Paul's, the Abbey, and the different church bells in the Metropolis have been tolling all day. The House of Lords met at  $\frac{1}{4}$ -past 11, and I understood the new King was to be proclaimed at 1 to-day, but it is postponed till Monday. The event seems to have surprised every one. I heard of it at  $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 8, but did not believe it till I went over to the House of Lords to enquire. I went to the House of Lords on Tuesday to hear the second reading of the Forgery Bill. The Marquess of

Lansdowne brought it forward; he is a very clever speaker, and I was much pleased with him. The Earl of Winchelsea rose after him, and I was much surprised to find what an impetuous speaker he was. The Duke of Wellington and the Chancellor spoke. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Ellenborough walked up Parliament Street with a great crowd following them when they left the House. I went also, but seeing an usher approaching I betook to flight and escaped.

June 26 was a Saturday, and William IV. was not proclaimed until the Monday following. I can remember going to two churches on the intervening Sunday. The parsons were greatly at a loss to know in what terms to pray for the King. Some prayed for the King simply, and some for King William; and there were others who, crediting a rumour that had been going about that the new King wished to be known as William Henry I., prayed for him in that style.

*July 3, 1830.*

They say that Parliament is to be prorogued in three weeks or a fortnight, and I suppose the country will be in a bustle. Mr Hume is coming forward for Middlesex, Mr Whitbread having retired, and they talk of starting Mr Brougham for the city of Westminster. I am happy to say that I escaped without accident at the proclamation of King William the Fourth. I most luckily got a place at a window in Spring Gardens. Mr Williamson gave the boys leave to go up to Charing Cross at  $\frac{1}{4}$ -past 8, and return again by  $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 11. About 10 o'clock the Park guns began firing, S. Martin's bells ringing, and flags flying, and about half-past the procession arrived at Charing Cross, consisting of the High Constable of Westminster, Horse Guards, Pioneers, the beadles of S. John's and S. Martin's parishes, trumpeters, police, heralds, Garter King - at - Arms, and ended by another troop of Life Guards. They halted in front of the statue, where the proclamation was read. They then moved up the Strand to Temple Bar, but I followed them no farther. You cannot possibly form an idea of the dense mass of people which was assembled at Pall Mall, Spring

Gardens, Charing Cross, and in front of Northumberland House, the large square in front of the King's Mews and S. Martin's Church as full as it could hold, the windows crowded. I was very much vexed afterwards that I did not go to the Palace where the King appeared at the windows attended by his royal brothers the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, &c. Young Prince George has got his late Majesty's ponies and phaeton. All people seem much rejoiced at the idea of a Queen.

*July 11, 1830.*

The King it is said will prorogue Parliament in person. There is a new throne ordered for his opening the new session in the House of Lords. I do not know whether you may have seen a curious coincidence in the papers showing that he is at the same time William I. II. III. and IV. I. as King of Hanover, which was not added till the first George, II. as King of Ireland, which was not conquered till Henry II., III. as King of Scotland, and IV. as King of England.

*July 25, 1830.*

His Majesty is certainly acquiring great popularity. Friday he prorogued Parliament. At 12

o'clock I left the cricket-field. The flag on the top of S. Margaret's Church was flying with W.R. I went up Parliament Street and into the Park and inquired of the sentinel which way his Majesty would come, through the Park or Charing Cross. He said he was coming through the Park. I walked up to the line of buildings facing the Park, where Carlton Palace stood. There is in front of them an iron railing and at one end a barricading, and in this barricading there were two boards down, just large enough to admit one man at a time. I got inside and stood on one of the old pillars of Carlton Palace, just on a level with his Majesty, and entirely above the heads of the people, without the least crush. Just as I arrived the Horse Guards rode up and were stationed to keep the carriage line. About 1 o'clock one of the royal carriages drove down with the King of Wurtemberg, 2 horses, after that a body of Yeomen of the Guard, and soon after H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, with crimson livery, not king's. Shortly after Prince Esterhazy's carriage, which is a very splendid thing, beautiful livery; then another foreign ambassador's coach, the livery light - drab with party - coloured velvet sleeves. Then H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland

in a carriage-and-four, accompanied by Prince George and Prince Leopold, followed by the Duchess of Cumberland in a carriage-and-pair, king's livery. Then H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex in his carriage, and various other carriages of the nobility which were within arm's-reach of me. At about  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 the guns announced the King's departure from the palace. The order of the procession was—Horse Guards, the High Constable of Westminster, to clear the way, three carriages drawn by 6 bay horses, one drawn by 6 black horses, trimmed with red ribbons, belonging to the Master of the Horse, accompanied by Yeomen of the Guard, the King's Band, &c., then a troop of Horse Guards, and last of all his Majesty himself, dressed in an admiral's uniform, in his state carriage, drawn by 8 cream-coloured horses, trimmed with light blue ribbon. His Majesty was leaning forward with his hat off, and bowing to his subjects, who cheered him most enthusiastically as he passed along. I had an excellent view of him. I ran down and saw him enter the Horse Guards; the crowd filled the whole space, the building itself was crowded, the Foot Guards formed a line on each side, and as the King passed under the

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archway the cheering from within and without exceeded all description. It was indeed a sight which I would not have missed for any consideration. Parliament having been dissolved, I suppose your election will soon begin. I am sorry to see so much apathy in the county. There is a talk of starting Sir Sidney Smith and Captain Pellew for Westminster. I wish they may turn out Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Hobhouse.

Nov. 7, 1830.

There is an expectation of a great disturbance on the 9th; reports have been circulated for the last week that the King would not go to the City. All the London police are to be doubled and armed. The whole front of Temple Bar will be illuminated, and all the houses in Fleet Street, Strand, Ludgate Hill, &c., where the procession will return, will be splendidly illuminated; already the fronts of the houses are prepared with W.A.R., crowns, flags, &c. One man is ungallant enough to put "Vivat Rex" without noticing the Queen. Her Majesty has had a most splendid dress made by the Spittalsfield weavers, white and silver. The men of Kent, it is said, are coming up to stop his Majesty's carriage. The King's Speech appears to have given great dis-

satisfaction among the Liberals, as well as the declaration of the Duke that he does not intend to bring forward Reform in Parliament.

*Nov. 14, 1830.*

The deferment of the King's visit to the city has caused a great deal of stir, but I do not apprehend that Government had any just reason for postponing it. Every one agrees that the King would have been perfectly safe, but not so the Duke, whose unpopularity is exceedingly great in town. It is expected that Government will be left in a minority of 30 or 40 on Tuesday night, when Mr Brougham brings forward Reform in Parliament; if so they must resign. Mackinnon saw the Duke come down to the House the other night, and he said the groans and hootings were horrible; there were 400 policemen about the House, and they would not permit any one to pass along Abingdon St. The Tower, it is said, has had provisions for two months' siege, the ditch filled with water, and the gates shut in case of an attack. The Duke has had soldiers stationed in his house all the week, and also the new palace at Pimlico has been occupied with regiments in readiness. However I hope it will all end peaceably.

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I was at the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in the autumn of the next year, and sent an account of it to my mother in the following letter, which may be interesting after this lapse of time :—

DEAN'S YARD, *September 9, 1831.*

All the sixth breakfasted together yesterday, and at half-past seven we went into the Abbey. Having inspected all the arrangements the day before, I knew where to fix myself, and I got about the best place in our seats, which certainly were as good as any. About nine the Peers and Peeresses arrived, dressed in their robes. The Duchess of St Albans was the most magnificent, with such a profusion of diamonds; next to her in splendour came the Marchioness of Londonderry. The dress of the Duke of St Albans as Grand Falconer was also very splendid. I saw the Earl of Munster, Lord Frederick and Lord Augustus FitzClarence, then. When the Duke of Wellington did homage to the King, there was a loud and universal shout of applause and clapping of hands for several minutes, in which, as you may suppose, I joined most

heartily. There was no dissentient voice. Lord Lyndhurst received marks of approbation, though not quite so warm. Cheers were attempted for Lord Grey, but they were very feeble, and met by a corresponding number of hisses. When Lord Brougham came forward, cheers were given for him, but they were drowned in hisses and groans. The Chancellor did not appear well pleased, as he showed by the twitches of his nose and his distortions of countenance. He was continually displaying a glaring yellow pocket-handkerchief, which excited the laughter of the spectators. The King looked a feeble old man. The Queen supported the high station with all proper dignity. When she returned to her throne with the crown on her head, the bursts of applause with which she was welcomed far surpassed those which attended his Majesty's reception.

I got out of the Abbey about four o'clock. In the evening I went out to see the illuminations. I went up Whitehall, through Strand, Fleet Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly, St James's Street, Pall Mall, Parliament Street, &c., and returned about ten o'clock.

At the Queen's Jubilee in 1897 I was one of the deputation who presented an address from the University of Oxford to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. I mentioned to several friends that I was the only member of Convocation then present who had gone up with the address on the occasion of the Queen's marriage in 1840, of which, owing to one little incident, I had a peculiarly vivid recollection. We had met at the Oxford and Cambridge Club and walked to Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington in cap and gown heading the procession as Chancellor. At the top of the stairs, outside the Audience Chamber, we were kept waiting for a short time. I heard the Duke of Wellington say to Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter : "My Lord, there is an ancient motto—it is a very good motto — that should be hung in the halls of all sovereigns. It is a French motto : '*L'exactitude est la politi-*

*tesse des Rois.'*" When I mentioned the fact of my going up in 1840, the present Chancellor said he could beat me, for he was at the coronation in 1838; to which I was able to reply, "Oh, I was at the coronation of William IV. in 1831." The 'Daily News' afterwards stated that I had been present at the coronation of William III., whereupon the 'Pall Mall Gazette' made some pretty play, saying that as that took place in 1689 I must be two hundred years old at least.

Westminster School in the eighteenth century was a rival of Eton, and a training-ground especially for Whig statesmen. When I went there in 1829 the Russells, the Lennoxs, the Pagets, and many other families, still sent their sons there; but the school began to fall off after the opening of King's College in 1831, and has never recovered its old position. The Cabinet of Lord John Russell in 1846 was composed,

to a great extent, of old Westminsters. Among my contemporaries at the school were the Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond; Lord Henry Fitzmaurice, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne; Lords Alfred and George Paget; Baliol Brett, now Viscount Esher; Sir Walter James, afterwards created Lord Northbourne; Cotton and Milman, successively Bishops of Calcutta; and James Anthony Froude.

Froude, like myself, was a Devonshire boy, and I kept up an acquaintance with him all his life, and was the first old friend who congratulated him on his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He was younger than I was, and he entered the school later, though not much later evidently; for on asking him in after years if he had been there during the reign of George IV., "Yes, I was there," he said; "don't you remember the bell tolling for the King?" I remem-

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bered very well the bell of St Paul's tolling. Froude was a bright fellow. As a small boy he had read all the Waverley novels, and at school was very interesting, having lived all his young life in a region of romance.

Westminster School was to me a portal to the House of Commons, for I made good use of the ancient privilege Westminster scholars have of going in and out of the Houses of Parliament when they like. In my day more advantage was taken of it than is now the case, and it was a larger privilege then; for we could go under the gallery and on a level with the floor of the House of Commons, and could appear at the bar of the Lords. My earliest recollections of the House of Lords are connected with the dignified attitude and charm of Lord Lyndhurst sitting as Chancellor on the woolsack, and my latest thoughts of him are connected with the

memorable speech which “the old man eloquent” made on his ninetieth birthday in 1863. By very frequent attendances in both Houses I came to hear all the great speakers and debaters of the day—the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lansdowne, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Ellenborough, and many others in the Lords; Lords Althorp and John Russell, Mr Stanley and Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Charles Wetherall, Croker, Macaulay, O’Connell, and Shiel in the Commons.

My Westminster life fell upon one of the most exciting times that our Parliament has ever known. The various stages of the first Reform Act are still clear in my mind. On March 1, 1831, the Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, and on the 22nd the second reading was carried by a majority of 1. In Committee the Ministry was defeated on General Gascoyne’s amendment on April 19. The next day they were

again defeated on Estimates. On the 21st I went to Fenton's Hotel, St James's Street, to call upon Mr Buck, M.P. for Exeter, and he told me that he thought they were in for Dissolution. On my way back from him I saw the Duke of Cumberland galloping in hot haste under the archway of the Horse Guards; and in Dean's Yard I heard the guns firing and guessed what it meant, and I was told that the King was already proroguing Parliament. In the Lords, before the King's arrival, Brougham, amid tremendous excitement, alleged that the Commons had threatened to stop<sup>\*</sup> Supplies, thus getting up a cry to go to the country with. On May 22, during the Whitsuntide holidays, I went home, going down to Exeter on a mail-coach. It was a bitter night, and the Devonshire apples were all nipped; so that it has always been a saying with me, "Never be sure of your apples until the 22nd of May is past."

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The next stage of the fight began after the New Parliament met on June 14, and for the second reading of the New Reform Bill there was a majority of upwards of 100. On September 8 the King was crowned. The Bill was not out of the Commons until September 22; and, October 8, it was thrown out by the Lords by a majority of 41. I find this letter:—

*Oct. 9, 1831.*

After the defeat of the second reading of the Reform Bill in the Lords, I suppose you were all delighted with the news of the glorious majority of 41. I assure you nothing could exceed my delight at the result. It is expected that Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow in order to prevent the two Houses coming into collision, as Lord Ebrington is going to move an address of the confidence of the House in the present Ministry. People are in doubt whether Lord Grey goes out or not; it is, however, very generally believed that the King will not create any more Peers. Happily for the peace and quiet of the Metropolis, yesterday was a shocking bad day;

there were several groups of ill-disposed people in the Park, and a procession carrying a flag with "Reform" on it, but the frequent showers dispersed them. There was a meeting held at which it was determined that delegates should be sent from every county to consult on the plans to be adopted; great numbers of people openly avow their determination to pay no more taxes; to-morrow all the shops are to be closed, and people are to wear crape (I, of course, a *blue coat*); but I think everything will pass off quietly, as people's minds are getting cool on the subject. Lord Winchelsea made a most noble speech, and old Lord Eldon was very impressive; in fact, there was a galaxy of eloquence displayed every night on the Constitutional side. The friends of the measure reported that the Chancellor's speech was to shiver the arguments of his opponents to atoms! Though a masterly display of oratory, it did not prove the advantages of the bill, but poured abuse on its opponents. Lord Lyndhurst made an excellent reply, and sat down amidst thunders of acclamation. I think the Peers have shown a most noble spirit in having resisted the intimidation of the Birmingham traitors. There have been a great number of people round the House

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of Lords every night. The Peers all came in plain carriages, some without coronets, and others scarcely to be seen, and plain drab liveries of boxcloth for their servants. As the Marquess of Londonderry was leaving one evening at a brisk rate the mob began to hiss, when he made his coachman stop and drive quite slow. The Duke of Wellington's windows are all boarded and his house is said to be provided with firearms, and everything necessary in case of a riot occurring. I have read 'Blackwood's' article on "Parliament Reform and the French Revolution" this morning after church.

Parliament was prorogued on October 9, and summoned to meet again on December 6. The majority in the Commons for the second reading on December 17 was 162. In March 1832 it was introduced into the Lords, and this time the second reading was carried on April 13. I had special leave to get away to the House that night with another Westminster boy, whose father, Sir George Clerk, was

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looking after us. Our pockets were filled with food against an all-night sitting. We were first at the bar, and afterwards placed within the steps of the throne ; but as we were in the way — for there was a great crowd, and the House of Lords of those days was very small — we were sent home about nine, the debate continuing until seven in the morning. The bill had still to run the gantlet of Committee, however ; and on May 7 a motion of Lord Lyndhurst to determine the number of places to be enfranchised before entering into consideration of what places should be disenfranchised was carried by 35 ; on the 9th Lord Grey resigned, the King accepted the resignation, and sent for the Duke of Wellington. The tension in the country was tremendous : during the six days in which the Duke was trying to form a Ministry, I suppose we were as near a revolution as ever a country was. I re-

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member very well the placards that were posted everywhere—

“TO STOP THE DUKE, GO FOR GOLD.”

Charing Cross seemed covered with them. Among them appeared another—

“SUSSEX FOR PRIME MINISTER”;

for there was some idle irresponsible talk about the Duke of Sussex taking the place of Lord Grey as Prime Minister. As a counterblast to it some one had posted up—

“PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES.”

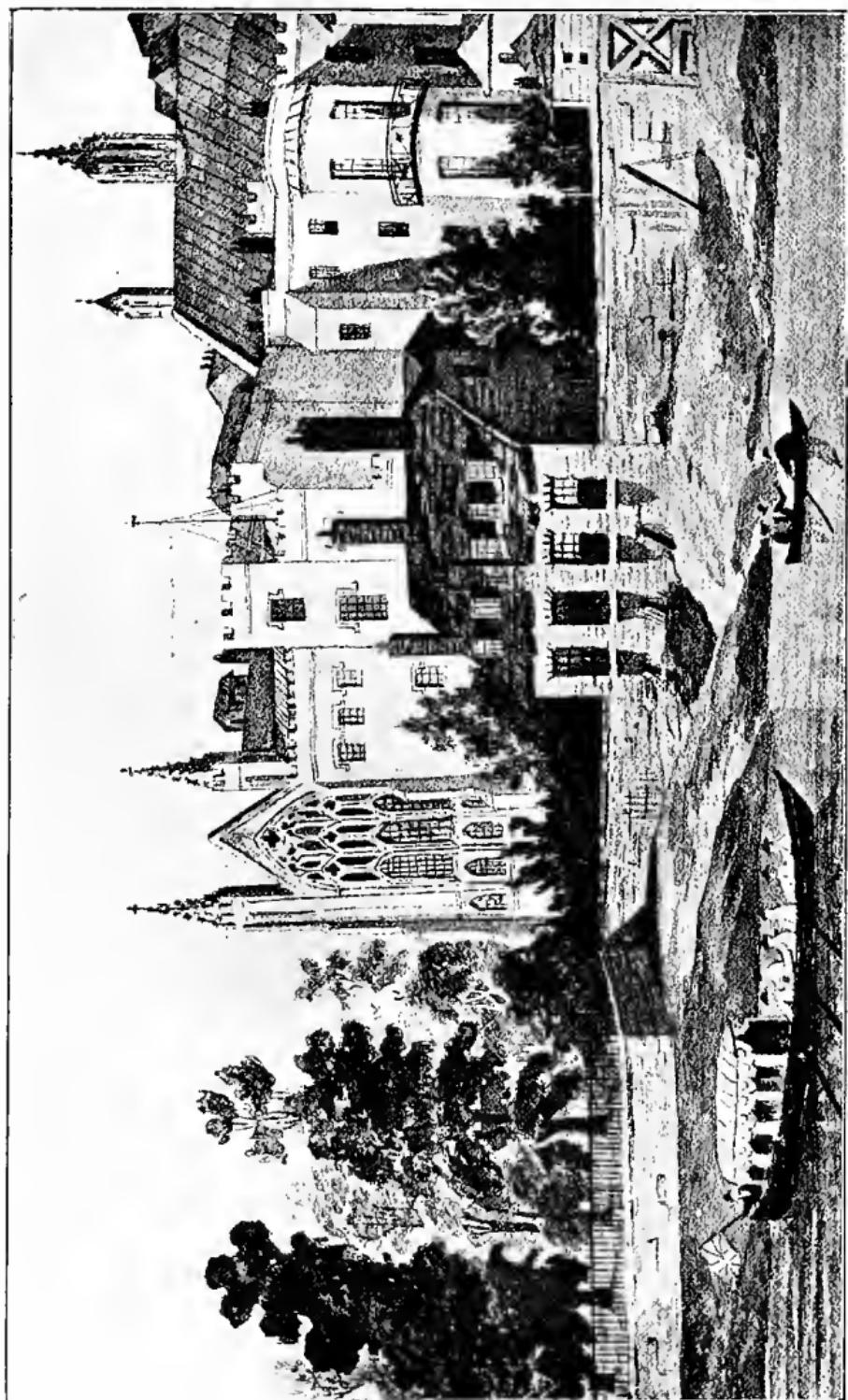
The Duke of Wellington failed to form an Administration, and Lord Grey was restored to office, having obtained from the King the power which he desired authorising a creation of peers sufficient to pass the Bill. Thereupon the Duke exerted his influence and induced some of the Lords to absent themselves, and so

withdraw their opposition, and on June 22 the Reform Bill received the Royal Assent. There my experience of my first three Parliaments ended, for I left Westminster School at Christmas 1832.

I may mention here my recollection of the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, though that occurred in October 1834, after I had left Westminster. I happened to be passing through London on my way home from Oxford, and was dining out that night. Among the party was Smedley, High Bailiff of Westminster, and he was sent for in his official capacity. I begged him to take me with him, which he did, and thus I saw the fire well.

I passed through some of the passages of the old House of Commons, and in particular through that which is now the members' cloak-room; thence I went out, and remained all night in front of the

east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel watching the progress of the fire. Opposite to me was a low screen in brick-and-plaster, in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style, with the House of Lords behind it and a very tall Perpendicular window. In the middle of the night the flames mounted up the window, and the whole collapsed like a house built of cards. We all exclaimed with horror, "Nothing now can save Westminster Hall," and it appeared as if it was so at first. The flames spread in a northerly direction and seemed to make for the roof. However, the fire was kept under, and the old Hall of Rufus remained unhurt, and is so still, giving a noble vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. At that time the Law Courts all opened into the Hall, and it was reported that Sir Frederick Thesiger said next day, "If Westminster Hall had been burnt down, what a pettifogging profession ours would have been!"





II.

OXFORD, 1833-1837



## II.

OXFORD, 1833-1837.

A STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH—THE UNION—“THE RAMBLERS”—‘UNIOMACHIA’—UNION ACQUAINTANCES: WILLIAM GEORGE WARD—PUSEY—DEAN STANLEY—ARCHBISHOP TAIT—UNDERGRADUATE LIFE—INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD.

AFTER leaving Westminster I went for six months to a private tutor’s, and then proceeded to Oxford, matriculating on May 23, 1833, and going into residence at Christ Church in October of the same year. In 1835 I was elected a student of Christ Church. In 1836 I was president of the Oxford Union, of which Mr Gladstone was president in 1830; and now all the presidents before me are dead. In

November of the same year I went in for my examination *in Literis Humanioribus*. I was placed in the second class, in company with the Earl of Cranbrook, Frederic William Faber, and Lord Justice Mellish. In 1837 I took my degree, and went out of residence.

At Christ Church I found William George Ward, then of three years' standing, and it was through him that I came to be introduced to the leading spirits of the Union. With the Union my most cherished recollections of Oxford are bound up. Perhaps it absorbed almost too much of my interests; perhaps it rather spoiled my class. But I have always looked upon that debating-ground as giving men the best training they could have for public life—for political life certainly. That was proved in the case of the very remarkable men among whom I was thrown: Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury;

Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Chancellor Earl of Selborne; Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke; Edward Cardwell (Viscount Cardwell); Lord Justice Mellish, whom an early death stopped in a career that seemed destined to end in a higher place; Gathorne Hardy, now Earl of Cranbrook; Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh; Charles Marriott, Ward, Faber, and many others.

I had gone up in the Union's palmy days. In the few years immediately preceding this Sydney Herbert, Milnes Gaskell, Mr Gladstone, the Earl of Elgin, and the Duke of Newcastle had held the office of president. As I have said, all the presidents before me are gone; and I believe that I am very nearly the oldest member of Christ Church living now.

Though not eligible as a member of the Union in my first winter in residence, I was present at its now famous meeting

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when the fate of the “Ramblers” was discussed. It was a question of Union politics. The committee for a year or two had been drawn from a party that included Ward, Cardwell, Tait, and Roundell Palmer, whose government had been vehemently criticised by an opposition led by Lowe. Feeling ran high, and when in 1833 Edward Massie, of Wadham, the nominee of the opposition, was elected president, with Lowe himself as librarian, the ousted committee took their dismissal in some personal dudgeon, and started a society of their own. This was the “Ramblers,” so called because it had no stated meeting-place. Its success so dimmed the lustre of the Union that the new committee now proposed to expel the “Ramblers.” The Union Hall could not hold all who wished to hear the debate on this motion, and a clamorous meeting was held in the Star Hotel.

The debate has been celebrated in a Greek-Latin macaronic poem, the ‘*Uniomachia*,’ justly praised for its scholarship and good fun. The idea seems to have originated with Thomas Jackson, afterwards rector of Stoke Newington; and Sinclair, the “*Skimmerian Sinclair*” of the poem, assisted in working it out. Robert Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol, is said to have supplied the very ingenious and learned notes—probably more. He had already written a clever Greek squib on an imaginary contest between the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel for the Chancellorship of the University. It was privately circulated only, and was anonymous, although the author was known. At any rate, some years later I was staying at Rochester with Dr Hawkins, and met Scott at dinner, and on the conversation happening to turn upon this skit, I discovered that Dr Hawkins had never

heard of it. Yet he was Provost of Oriel in 1834, and I had the pleasure of introducing him, sometime in the seventies, to the lines in which the various Heads of Houses were described as they were in the thirties. It is possible that, for some reason or other, Scott did not care to avow his full share in the 'Uniomachia,' of which an English version shortly afterwards appeared.

The two parties, then, were ranged for battle in the Star:—

“Ranged on the left the foe prepared to fight  
 The Rambler phalanx marshalled on the right;  
 In high command above their host are seen  
 Ward, Tory chief, and Cardwell’s graceful mien.  
 Supreme in eloquence they lead the way,  
 The first in counsel, and the first in sway:  
 Brancker conducts the bold Massienian throng.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Μέμβερες ἀλλ’ κοσμηθεν, ἀμ’ ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἔκαστοι,  
 ‘Ρίτῳ ‘Ράμβληροι σίττον, λέφτῳ τε Μασείχοι.  
 Καρπέτῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ σίττει πρεσιδέντιος ἀλλων  
 [Οὐδὲ Μάρθενς κομικός ποτ’ ἔπαιζε πυνοῖς τε τρίχοις τε.]  
 Ιφθιμος Μασίχης, εἴδων ἐπέέσσος’ ἀγορεύειν.

Massie left the chair to speak, and Lowe took his place. When Tait interrupted Massie's speech and refused to sit down, Lowe promptly fined him in £1.

"With thund'ring sound  
 Tait shook his tasselled cap, and sprang to ground  
 (The tasselled cap by Juggins' hand was made,  
 Or some keen brother of the London trade,  
 Unconscious of the stern decrees of fate  
 What ruthless thumps the batter'd trencher waits).  
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar  
 Of Tait indignant, rushing to the war.  
 In vain the Chair's dread mandate interfered,  
 Nor Chair, nor fine, the angry warrior feared,—  
 A forfeit pound th' unequal contest ends."<sup>1</sup>

In the end the Ramblers won the day. Charles Marriott, "Marriott the good" of the poem, who had intervened in the row

<sup>1</sup> Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐφρονέων· Ταιεῖτος δ' ἀλτο χαμᾶξε·  
 Καὶ πῖλον βράνδισσε, νεὸν δέ τε ρούνον ὄρωρεν.  
 Πῖλον Ἰύγγινσος ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χέρσιν  
 Ἡ τις Λονδεῖνου τράδσμαν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐνόησε  
 Ἐν τούτῳ ποτε κάν πῖλον θύμψθαι ἀγῶνι.  
 Αδδρέσσειν δ' ἔθέλοντι φιλοὺς, πρεσιδέντιος αὐτῷ  
 Σίγην κομμάνδει, ὅτ' ἄρ' ἵντερρυπτε δέβατα·  
 Αλλ' ὅτι πέρσιστει δύστηνος φείνεται ὄνπουνδ.

caused by Tait with a plea for more order on both sides, was elected president in the following session, and the feud ended. The joke was that when Tait, with his own party in power, made an appeal against the fine, the appeal was not successful. Of Archbishop Tait, with whom I was closely intimate till his death, I used to say that I knew him first in connection with the incident. There was another row in 1835, which lasted several weeks, when there were sharp encounters between Trevor, afterwards Honorary Canon of York, and Lowe. Trevor had attacked the committee, of which Ward, Mellish, and myself were members. A select committee was appointed, of which Lowe was chairman, and they replied that Trevor's allegations were unfounded, and he ought to withdraw them. Ward was absorbed in the struggle all the time. In Mr Wilfred Ward's Life of his father, Cardwell is

reported to have said, "There goes old Ward, the incarnation of the Union." As a proof of how much Ward was possessed of the subject all that time, he told me he dreamt he was back at Winchester and was construing some Latin words thus: "*Bona* (a constitutional woman), *prognata* (sprung), *parentibus* (of parents), *bonis* (who likewise supported the committee)." He always called the supporters of the committee the Constitutional party.

I find an entry in the records of the Union for December 4, 1834:—

Mr Cornish, Ch. Ch., moved—That the conduct of the majority of the House of Lords during the last session of Parliament was highly noble and patriotic; and that the foundation of a strong Government by that party under the Duke of Wellington is an event to be hailed with satisfaction by every well-wisher to the country.

I wrote on the subject to my mother :—

OXFORD, *December 6, 1834.*

My motion at the Union came on on Thursday night, and the world says I am a promising speaker. I gave them a twenty-minutes' speech, and Ward, whose opinion I rely upon in that way more than any other man's, says I got on very well; at any rate it attracted a large audience, and gave rise to a very brisk debate, far the best for the term. Ward has only got a second in classics; but he has just gained a Balliol Fellowship worth £270 a-year, one of the best things in the university, and he will get his first in mathematics, so he will do well.

The Oxford Union was founded in 1823 as the United Debating Society, and in October 1873 there was a Jubilee dinner at which all these old days were pleasantly brought to mind. For me there was a special and unique link with that past, for it was my great pleasure to see my son, the then president, in the chair at that dinner, and presiding at this reunion of

men distinguished at the Union, and distinguished in public service later,—Archbishop Tait, Lord Chancellor Selborne, the Marquis of Salisbury (Chancellor of the University), Mr Cardwell, Mr Gathorne Hardy, Mr Goschen, Lord Justice Mellish, Sir John Coleridge (then Attorney - General), the Bishops of Chichester and Oxford, Cardinal Manning; and Canon Liddon, Mr Matthew Arnold, Mr Jowett, among those of later times. It was remarked at the time that seven of the Ministers of the day were old presidents — Gladstone, Selborne, Lowe, Cardwell, Goschen, Coleridge, and Knatchbull - Hugessen. At the Union debate that week I took the chair. The motion, I remember, was—"That the Restoration of the empire would form the best guarantee for the future prosperity of France."

Many of these Union acquaintances remained lifelong friends. Ward I knew

intimately. At Oxford we recognised that he was a man of great reasoning powers, of strong convictions, well grounded, like most Wykehamists, in his Latin and Greek, but not an industrious undergraduate. He was a commoner of Christ Church, and ought to have gone up for the schools in May of 1834; but he was not ready, did not wish to go up then, and asked permission to wait until later. This was refused. He then stood for, and was elected to, a scholarship at Lincoln College, and he took two seconds in classics and mathematics. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of Balliol. He was in those days a professed admirer of Arnold and of Archbishop Whately.

But Ward was at the same time a tremendous High Tory, and had a natural love of authority, although all his theological proclivities were then for the latitudinarian side. Even at that period we said of him

that he ought to have belonged to the Roman communion. As a matter of fact, he had then no affinity for Newman, over whom, after he had thrown himself into the Tractarian movement, he had enormous influence,—an influence that was remarkable, for he did not profess to be, nor was he, a man of deep reading or wide knowledge.

We frequently met in these later years — sometimes when in London he dined with me and other friends; and he was the same man as of old. I have always been a great walker, and used to delight in a walk on Hampstead Heath. The last time I met Ward I found him on the Heath, where he also resorted. We had a long talk about old friends. He spoke especially of Tait's great kindness to him, and how he was always the same. He added: "Tait's a lucky fellow, you're a lucky fellow. Both lucky fellows!"

'*Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit hic diadema*'—

I don't mean to say that either of you is *scelus.*" That was in Ward's old manner.

[My father's long friendship with Mr Ward caused him to take a very keen interest in the proposals for the condemnation of Mr Ward's book and his degradation, which were brought forward in Convocation at Oxford in February 1845. He took part in organising the opposition to two out of the three propositions—*i.e.*, Ward's degradation and the condemnation of Tract 90. The proposal to condemn Tract 90 roused his strongest feelings, and he was very anxious to get up a protest, putting his adverse vote on the right grounds—*viz.*, that the question should be brought before a competent tribunal, and not before Convocation. On February 8, 1845, he wrote: “I wish to see some protest put out by Gladstone, who has written the ‘Quarterly’ article censuring Ward’s book most severely, and

in that article I concur most entirely. Gladstone having thus declared his opinion, means to vote against the proposed measure, and I wish to do the same without being considered to vote for Ward. I fear we shall have a most unpleasant scene; but it is clearly one's duty to go now, for I have no idea of seeing Pusey, Keble, and I know not who, mobbed out of the university to please the 'Standard' newspaper."

The Proctors' action in putting their veto on the proposal to condemn Tract 90 rejoiced him. He considered it to be exactly one of those cases for which the veto was given, as it was impossible to obtain a fair trial when passions had been roused to such a height that those who were summoned as judges came up to Oxford as partisans, "caring," as he wrote, "for nothing but to come to a vote against Ward and the Puseyites." He described

the scene in Convocation in a long letter to his mother:—

*Feb. 15, 1845.*

Oxford is beginning to assume its ordinary aspect, which is not the less agreeable to those who love it the best. It was an immense Convocation (I should think 1400, for many did not vote), a very striking sight. The Doctors, with rare exceptions, wore a hostile aspect. Hawkins looked as if he could have burnt the offender, Wynter and Hampden assumed the triumphant look. The Dean of Ch. Ch. with his black cap seemed as if he belonged to some assembly of divines of the sixteenth century. “Big Ben” [Dr Benjamin Parsons Symons, Warden of Wadham College] won my heart by the kindness of manner and exceeding feeling which he displayed. Dr Bull’s complacency was perfectly unruffled. The ladies’ gallery and the area were full of Masters and retiring Doctors. Around Ward were many of his immediate friends — it was a motley group: grave, pale, melancholy ascetics side by side with smart men from London, ardent country clergymen, and nonchalant lawyers. Pusey was at the extreme end, looking very sad; Hook was big and burly; Gladstone was keen

and scrutinising; Archdeacon Manning, by his side, grave and thoughtful. Lords Ashley and Sandon, the twin champions of the Protestant cause, walked about linked arm in arm. Some who might have been expected to be united were divided. Archdeacon *Sam.* Wilberforce was a judicious “Placet,” Archdeacon *Robert* Wilberforce a sorrowful “Non placet”; Sir Thomas Acland an energetic “Placet,” Tom Acland the reverse. Altogether people behaved uncommonly well, beyond what I could have expected. Ward’s enthusiastic supporters were very few, and they restrained their ardour; the infuriated incumbents, who rushed from their Protestant parishes full of the ‘Record’ and the ‘Standard,’ exhibited great self-denial, and if they did not vote so much as judges as partisans, they behaved like Englishmen, and gave a man fair play even when he talked of “holding all Roman doctrine.” Ward looked very happy and less excited than I had seen him in the Union of old. He spoke with great rapidity and fluency, with exceeding frankness and simplicity: it was himself all over. At times he spoke in so insulting a way of the Reformation, and expressed his opinions so violently, that it gave one a shudder to think that one

*must* find him not guilty: at other times he was so homely and absurd in his expressions, that one could scarcely help laughing. Opinions vary very much as to his speech. I thought that part of it on what I may call the merits, very indifferent; but then he was overwhelmed with the immensity of his subject, which was matter of argument for months, and all that he could do was to throw out a few suggestions and hints: the rest was very good. He dwelt very forcibly on our incompetency to judge him, and he concluded most forcibly by calling on men to show as much confidence in their views as he did in his, by living up to their system and staking all on the result. I should say that it was a very inartificial speech, and that, upon the whole, a great occasion was rather thrown away. I expected more from the man, knowing him. I am more than ever convinced that I gave a right vote, and that however desirable it might be to punish him for the violence of his language, I should have been violating the principles of justice to have found him guilty. Ten years hence I think we, the "Non Placets," shall have more reason to be satisfied with our votes than those who condemned an individual

merely because they thought it well that the university should disclaim the views. I was pleased to find, having made up my mind before I came, that I agreed with the vast majority of the Residents. I think the result a defeat to the Heads. An amendment was moved (which we got up on Wednesday night) by Dr Grant of New College, and seconded by George Denison, a brother of the Bishop of Salisbury. We knew it would not be put, but it has since been signed by some of the minority—*e.g.*, Dr Hook, Isaac Williams, &c.—and will show that all the 386 did not vote *for* Ward or agree in his views. You will see my name to a document thanking the Proctors for vetoing the Tract 90 proposition.]

The mention of Ward naturally suggests the "Tractarian movement." I only knew one or two of the leaders of it, and none of them as such. Keble, of course, was a much older man. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford when I was in residence there, but I did not know him until later. I spent a day with him once at Hursley:

he was a charming man, the finest type of a thoughtful, learned, sober-minded English country clergyman. When I came up to Oxford I brought an introduction to Pusey, who had been Regius Professor of Hebrew for years. In his wife's lifetime he used to invite parties of undergraduates to his house,—parties of eight or ten, who would go there about eight o'clock after dining in Hall—we dined at five o'clock in those days—and stayed for an hour or so, till Tom bell tolled at 9.15. These were very quiet affairs. In after-years I called upon him always when I was in Oxford. He received me most kindly, and it was always a privilege to be received as cordially as I was by such a saintly man. I remember during one of my visits — it was a very hot summer evening — he began to talk about whether the angels laughed. He didn't think they could laugh. I hadn't thought over the matter, and I remember that he talked me

to sleep. He took a lively interest in all academical questions which from time to time came before the House of Commons.

It does not fall within the scope of these reminiscences to give an opinion on the effects generally of the Tractarian movement. Keble's assize sermon, which Newman always regarded as the beginning of the movement, was preached at St Mary's, Oxford, in July 1833, after I matriculated but before I came up to residence. The early 'Tracts for the Times' appeared in the autumn, and were noticed to some extent. The 'Christian Year' was largely read, and at that time the movement was all for good. I am not thinking of the undergraduates alone.

To return to the friends I made at Oxford. In November 1834 I noticed Ward at a window with a man I hadn't seen before, and Ward beckoned me up and introduced me to the new-

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comer. It was Arthur Stanley, who had just come up and won the Balliol Scholarship. The friendship begun thus in Dean Stanley's first days at Oxford lasted all through his lifetime. One of my later recollections of him is his delight when Lightfoot was made a bishop. "I went unto the Abbey," he told me, "and read the lesson: 'Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. . . . And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen.'" And he added, "When I came out I read my 'Times,' and found that Joseph Barber Lightfoot was Bishop of Durham."

Tait, too, I knew during all his after-life, and of course when I became Archbishop's Commissioner at the Ecclesiastical

Commission I met him constantly. He once said to me in a joke that I had made him a bishop, the foundation of the joke being this. In the summer of 1854 my wife and I were at the Lakes, and we spent a Sunday at Carlisle Deanery. Tait preached twice in the Cathedral; he attended a Sunday-school, had a third service for some old people, and had a class of young men who came to him in the evening at the Deanery. I cannot now recall the number and particular nature of all his engagements throughout the day, but remember that every hour he was apologising for leaving us for this and for that. The following year, during a debate in the House of Commons on the Carlisle Canonries Bill, it was asserted by some one that the Chapter did nothing for the spiritual wants of the city. I was able to get up and tell the House my experience of one Sunday at the Deanery at any rate, and

the House received it well. Later in the night I said to Lord Palmerston's stepson, "Tait ought to be made a bishop." He was made one in 1856.

[My father congratulated him on his appointment to the see of London, and received in reply the following letter:—

HALLSTEADS, nr. PENRITH, 23rd Sept. 1856.

MY DEAR MOWBRAY,—It was very pleasant to receive your kind letter. There are few who have shown me more friendship than yourself, and I cannot doubt that your good opinion expressed has materially contributed to my being removed from Carlisle. The particular post assigned me is almost overwhelming, but the events of the last six months, with the depth of sorrow in which they plunged us, have made me feel that we are indeed in God's hands. You will believe how deeply I feel that I need the prayers of all who love the Church of Christ. Mrs Tait joins in kind regards to Mrs Mowbray. I hope, please God, we shall meet in the winter.—Yrs. sincerely,

A. C. TAIT.]

I need say no more of the transcendent merits of Tait. The fine presence, the noble character, the personal goodness, the statesmanlike capacity of the great Archbishop, live in our memories and are enshrined in the history of the Church of England.

The social life of the undergraduates has changed greatly since then. In my day there were no railways, and consequently few visits to town — none at all, in fact. We dined at five o'clock. After dinner we probably adjourned to some man's rooms for wine. These wine-parties were quiet gatherings—there was no excess at them. These are not to be confounded with the noisier “supper-parties.” We left early and went to our own rooms to read. There was little or no smoking. Smoking after dinner was not the custom then, as it is now. But this must have been the transition period in the habit, for I remember that when on leaving Oxford I went to London to study

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for the Bar, there were always cigars after dinner.

The most interesting scene in my first year at Oxford was the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford, in the Sheldonian Theatre, in June 1834. To the undergraduate of that day the crowning victory of Waterloo was the great landmark in English history, and the conqueror of the great Napoleon was the national hero, the greatest Englishman that ever lived. Moreover, the Tory party, just beginning to rally after the disasters of 1832, had gathered in great force around their illustrious leader. The Duke of Cumberland was there and the Earl of Eldon. The Archbishop of Canterbury and many bishops, and the Duke's old companions in arms, Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Londonderry, and many whose names are household words to that generation, were there welcomed and honoured



*From a drawing by a lady.*

“THE DUKE.”



by the university. Three days were occupied in conferring degrees and listening to prize essays and poems. I was in the gallery on Wednesday, June 11. Mr Arnould, scholar of Wadham, recited his poem, "The Hospice of St Bernard," which had won the Newdigate. After describing Napoleon crossing St Bernard, he proceeded with these lines:—

"Till on that field where last the eagle soared,  
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword,  
And the dark soul the world could not subdue  
Bowed to thy genius, Prince of Waterloo."

Then followed such a scene as I never witnessed before or since. I have heard many rousing speeches in both Houses of Parliament, and many harangues, which have called forth the enthusiastic applause of great gatherings elsewhere. I recollect well the electrical effect which Lord Derby, as Chancellor, produced in the same theatre in 1863, on the visit of the Prince and

Princess of Wales, when the simple words “*Ipsa adest*” charmed and delighted the loyal multitude, but I never saw anything comparable to the effect produced by those lines in that Newdigate in 1834. We, the undergraduates, rose in the galleries, shouted until we were hoarse, sat down and rested, shouted again and again until our vocal powers were quite exhausted. The great men in the semicircle, statesmen, bishops, soldiers, divines, Heads of Houses, were stirred beyond belief; the very floor of the theatre, crowded with university dons, solemn dignitaries, staid country parsons, cynical lawyers, seemed almost moved with the commotion of its occupants, and the proceedings were actually interrupted and impeded for a time, until we could all recover our composure. The bursts of applause which greeted many of the recipients of degrees, presented as they were in most admirable speeches by

Dr Joseph Phillimore, Regius Professor of Civil Law, were very remarkable. One very striking scene was when Viscount Encombe, grandson of old Eldon, was described simply and concisely as “*Comitis de Eldon unicum nepotem.*” Lord Encombe, after receiving his degree and shaking hands with the Duke, proceeded in affectionate and reverential attitude to receive the welcome of his grandfather, the High Steward of the University; and that brought the house down. Another happy phrase was when the Regius Professor, after describing the merits of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, brought them to a climax by the words, “*et quod maximum est commilitonem tuum.*” In the evening the Duke of Wellington dined in Christ Church Hall. We gave him a most hearty welcome.



### III.

THE BAR, 1837-1853



## III.

## THE BAR, 1837-1853.

THE WESTERN CIRCUIT—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—A VISIT TO THE CONTINENT—ST PETER'S DAY IN ROME—A VISIT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THE DUKE'S FUNERAL—A VISIT TO VIENNA—REVIEW IN WINDSOR PARK—CZAR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

I WAS called to the Bar, and joined the Devon Sessions and the Western Circuit in 1842. Sir Stafford Northcote contemplated doing the same thing, and we had arranged to have chambers together in the Temple. He, however, relinquished his intention of following the Bar as a profession when he became private secretary to Mr Gladstone in 1842. Extracts from two letters of his of this year will show what our

anticipations as to the future were at that period :—

*Letter from Mr (afterwards Sir) Stafford H.  
Northcote.*

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB, July 1, 1842.

MY DEAR CORNISH,—I called yesterday at your chambers. I was very sorry to miss you, for I had to communicate news which is highly interesting to me, and will not be quite indifferent to you, as it is of a nature which destroys the pleasant prospect which you had held out to me of our living together like Siamese twins with a connecting clerk. In short, I have given up the law, and have accepted the post of private secretary to the Right Honourable Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Master of the Mint, and future Prime Minister of England. I think upon the whole I have done rightly. I have attached myself to the man of all others whom I respect and agree with; I have entered upon a line which I think will suit me better than the law, at all events which will lead me to more agreeable studies. I think I have every fair prospect of success, and I am in a position that justifies my running some slight risks.

Gladstone having to look out for a new private secretary, applied to my tutor (E. Coleridge) to recommend him a person for the office. My tutor recommended me. I received the offer on Tuesday evening, and am going to begin work in something less than half an hour. My duties are not to be very onerous, though there will be a good deal to do; but a good proportion of my time may be spent in very interesting studies and occupations. And there are all the chances of war, for I link my fate to Gladstone's, and a more zealous friend I could not have.

If you are to be at Exeter in August I shall hope to see you and talk over matters. I need not say that if there is any little post, not excluding a judgeship, which you would like in the interim, you have only to name it to me.—Yours very sincerely,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

*Letter from Mr (afterwards Sir) Stafford H. Northcote.*

U. U. C., July 14, 1842.

MY DEAR CORNISH,—I think I ought to send a line to thank you for your kind letter the other day, and to congratulate you on your success at Sessions. I hope when the Ministry of principle,

which we used to anticipate, is formed, with Gladstone at the head, you will occupy the post of Attorney-General, and that we shall sit side by side on the Treasury benches. I am in full work learning the subordinate part of a Minister's business. My blissful independence is gone, and I am unable to shirk my master for a day. Gladstone is, as I expected, everything that is delightful, and I have no doubt we shall get on very well together. You will find Whitehall conveniently near to Westminster, and I shall hope to have the honour of an interview next term.—Yours sincerely,

S. H. N.

I abandoned Circuit after I entered Parliament in 1853. I had no reason to complain of want of employment such as a junior can find at Sessions. And life on the Western Circuit passed pleasantly enough, associated as one was with leaders like Sir William Erle, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, then M.P. for Oxford City; Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, then M.P. for

Southampton ; and Crowder, M.P. for Liskeard, and Montague Smith, M.P. for Truro, who afterwards adorned the judicial Bench. But success at the Bar had never been the dominating object of my ambition, and a House of Commons life had always offered greater attractions than anything else. Moreover, I had three men, all my juniors, treading on my heels, and certain to pass me. Each of them in his turn became Attorney-General: Robert Collier, afterwards Lord Monkswell ; John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief-Justice of England, a constant friend through life ; and John Karslake, whose premature loss when the highest honour was within his grasp all alike deplored. In 1847 an auspicious event occurred, which was the commencement to me of prolonged domestic happiness. I parted with my west-country patronymic of Cornish, and I assumed by royal licence the name by which I have been

known in Parliament, that of Mowbray. I formed connections in the North, and particularly in the county of Durham, and in 1853 I was enabled to realise the object of my ambition and to enter the House of Commons as member for the city of Durham.

There are, however, one or two incidents in the period between my leaving Oxford and entering Parliament to which I may refer here. In 1837 I spent five months on the Continent, visiting France, Italy, and Switzerland. I was in Paris when King Louis Philippe brought the Duke and Duchess of Orleans a bride and bridegroom from Neuilly to the Tuilleries. The King used to appear in the evening at the windows of the palace facing the gardens, surrounded by the Queen and his children. I was present at the ceremonial in St Peter's, Rome, on St Peter's day. The following account, written at the time, may be of some interest, because

the day is no longer kept with its ancient honours :—

*June 28, 1837.*—In the evening we went to St Peter's to hear vespers. It was the eve of the festival, and the Pope and cardinals were to be present. The figure of St Peter (metamorphosed from Jupiter Capitolinus) was clothed in a crimson silk dress covered with gold lace; on his head he wore a white satin tiara studded with jewels, on one finger a ring. Before him blazed four enormous wax lights, and multitudes of the faithful crowded to kiss his black toe. The church was lined with the Civic Guard. Beneath the dome and around the altar were the Swiss Guard. In an inner line about the high altar were a smaller body of fine-looking men, forming the Pope's noble guard. In splendour it exceeded everything I have seen except the Coronation of William IV. There were thirty cardinals, dressed in magnificent robes of crimson and gold and wearing mitres of white satin figured—many with all the dignity and carriage of patricians of old Rome. After them were ecclesiastics of various grades, all in splendid robes. Nearly at the end came Gregory XVI., the venerable successor of St Peter, wearing a splendid tiara,

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borne by four men on a chair of state. The ceremony took place in the spot between the high altar and the end of the church. The Pope sat on a chair covered with cloth of gold, with a canopy, on a raised dais. The dignified churchmen paid homage. The cardinals kissed his hand, the next grade his knee, the last his toe. Then vespers commenced. At their conclusion we quitted the church and took seats in the piazza. Then, it being past sunset, the first illumination had begun. Lamps were hung around the windows, cornices, columns, on the dome, and along the colonnade, exhibiting the architecture of the whole building. Then came the grand blaze of the second illumination. As the clock struck one after sunset, a signal was given from the top of the dome, and on a sudden the lights burst forth one after another with greater speed and brilliancy than those which bore the tidings of the capture of Troy from the heights of Ida to the home of Agamemnon. In three minutes the whole building was in a blaze of light, and a grander sight can scarcely be conceived. We remained some time longer in the piazza, and then repaired to Monte Pincio. The view from that spot was more remarkable still. The dome appeared like a fabric of glass illuminated, and you

could take in the whole extent of St Peter's and the Vatican.

*June 29.*—This was the grand festival in honour of Rome's patron saint, the chief of the Apostles. At nine o'clock we went to St Peter's. The arrangements the same as on the eve. The Pope came with a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet over his head. Part of the chanting was gone through; then they changed his dress, and a procession having been formed, his Holiness proceeded to the high altar and celebrated mass. Passages from the Gospel were read appropriate to the day,—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church," &c., &c. Also a favourite hymn—

"O Roma felix quæ duorum Principum  
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine  
Horum cruento purpurata civitas  
Excellis orbis una pulchritudinem."

There were golden statues of St Peter and St Paul, and several golden candlesticks of enormous size and value. Altogether it was a very imposing ceremony. On the Pope's leaving the church the procession halted, and the Pope read from about the middle of the nave a denunciation against the King of Naples claiming the Kingdom as part of

the patrimony of St Peter. This I am told is done annually.

In February 1841 I had the good fortune to dine and sleep at Strathfieldsaye, and to see the Duke of Wellington in his own home. His Grace was in the habit of entertaining, as Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, the judges of assize who went the Western Circuit. I was there in the capacity of Marshal to Mr Justice Erskine. A letter to my mother relates these particulars :—

On being shown into the drawing - room, the Duke advanced, called me by my name, and shook hands. At dinner he sat in the centre of the table, with Erskine J. on his right, and Wightman J. on his left. Lord Douro sat also in the centre, opposite to his father. Lord Charles, the younger son, at the head of the table, and Mr Gerald Wellesley, his nephew, the Rector of Strathfieldsaye, at the bottom. We were a party of thirty-five, comprising the M.P.'s for Hants and Winchester, the Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Sir John Cope, and sundry

magistrates of Hants and Berks. Everything about one was full of historical associations—the place, the gift of the nation; the silver plate off which we ate at dinner, presented to Sir A. Wellesley in 1803 for his services in India, and bearing on them the name of Assaye, the beginning of his career of victory; silver epergnes in the centre of the table, the gift of George IV.; a beautiful dessert service, each plate with a separate view of some scene or view in Egypt from Denon's sketches, made for Napoleon and presented by Louis XVIII. to the hero of Waterloo. The house is not at all comparable to Blenheim; but the sight of all was to see the master of the house exhibiting the vigour and animation of his earlier days, looking a little paler than he did a fortnight ago, but still far better, I think, than he has done for nearly two years. He is feeble when he walks, but seeing him seated, you would never believe that you saw before you the hero of a hundred battles. He was dressed in tights, with the Garter round the left leg, and its broad blue ribbons across his white waistcoat, with a Waterloo medal hanging from a red collar, and a star on his breast.

We spent some time before breakfast with the Duke in the conservatory. He talked about the

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battle of Vittoria, of which there was a picture in one of the rooms. One of the judges asked him what he thought of Siborn's model of the battle of Waterloo. He said: "That is a question which I have often been asked, to which I don't give an answer, because I don't want to injure the man. But if you want to know my opinion, it's all farce, fudge! They went to one gentleman and said, 'What did you do?' 'I did so and so.' To another, 'What did you do?' 'I did such and such a thing.' One did it at ten and another at twelve, and they have mixed up the whole. The fact is, a battle is like a ball; they keep footing it all the day through." At breakfast each guest had before him two brown Rockingham teapots, the upper one containing tea forming a cover to the lower one, which held water. The Duke asked each guest separately whether he would have black tea or green, and the teapot was brought accordingly. After breakfast there was a meet of Sir John Cope's hounds. They threw off, leaving the judges and marshals to go to Winchester and his Grace to return to town.

Of course, people adored the Duke: to me, I remember, he seemed more than a

mortal. We just worshipped him. The last time I saw him was at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' in 1852. The Princess Mary was there, and, I remember, went forward when he entered the room and in the highest spirits congratulated him on his birthday, which fell that day. It was his last birthday.

[I think I may insert here the description of the Duke's funeral, which my father sent to his mother in 1852 :—

London has been in a state of whirl such as I never recollect. Last night I got a ticket for S. Paul's, a ticket for the same gallery, so that settled the question of our going. We were at the lying in state, which we witnessed with the greatest ease; indeed, from the time we left Cambridge Square to our exit from Chelsea Hospital was only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. It was a splendid sight. We are back again after a most successful day. We left home at  $6\frac{1}{2}$ , and were in our places by  $8\frac{1}{2}$ . There was so much incident to while away

the time that we did not lack interest until the arrival of the 83 Chelsea Pensioners, who led the procession at 11.10. It took just two hours before all were in place. The service was over at 2.45. We walked a little about the Cathedral, and were out by 3.15, walked to Hatton Garden, took a 'bus, and were home by 3.50. Nothing could have been better managed. We had admirable places just behind the Peers, and saw and heard everything. The service was very magnificent, and the religious character of it wonderfully maintained. Opposite to us were the Foreign Ambassadors, and I was not a little interested to watch the Frenchman, Count Walewski: he is a son of Napoleon I. I had never seen him before, but he is unmistakably like his father. I thought he cast a saturnine look many a time on the fair-haired young Princes of Belgium, the sons of Leopold, who were seated close by his side.]

I may here quote, too, from a letter to my mother, from Vienna, dated September 24, 1843, giving an account of another group of historic characters connected with the Napoleonic wars:—

We went to a review on Monday. It was a splendid affair. The Emperor (Ferdinand), Empress, Empress Mother, Archduke Charles, &c., were present. There were 17,000 men present. The day was glorious; we had a capital position in our carriage, commanding a view of the whole field—of course at some distance, but we could see very well. The troops were principally infantry. When all was over, we drew up and saw the old Archduke Charles capitally. The old veteran carries one back to the last century, and although, regarded historically, he appears older than *our* duke, he is, in fact, about twelve months younger. We saw him afterwards at Schönbrunn with three of his sons, nice-looking young fellows. I have seen besides another historical personage, in herself a contemptible creature, the wife of Napoleon and mother of the King of Rome, the ex-Empress Marie Louise. She is a plain old woman, and looks older than she is. Being fifty-four, she looks full sixty. I was not close enough to see the Kaiser personally—the poor man is so imbecile there is not much to see; but I have seen his mother, the widow of the late Emperor Francis—a nice old lady whom to look on is to love—and his brother the Arch-

duke Francis, the heir-presumptive to the throne, and his Archduchess and their two sons.

The sons present that day, boys of thirteen and eleven, subsequently became—the elder, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria; and the younger, the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

The next year (June 5, 1844) I was present at a review of the Household Regiments in Windsor Park, where I saw another Emperor, the Czar Nicholas of Russia, then on a visit to the Queen. It was a brilliant scene, with the royalties and the Czar and the Duke of Wellington in uniform; Sir R. Peel mounted, and in plain clothes. I afterwards had the opportunity of observing the Czar and Sir R. Peel in an oriel window of the Castle overlooking the terrace, in close converse, possibly discussing the fate of the Sick Man. The Czar made a tremendous impression on me. A magnificent and princelike figure, 6 feet 3 high, in the prime of life, with a frank open

expression of features, and a chivalrous deportment, the very type and embodiment of majesty—*ἰσόθεος φῶς*. Eleven years after, when the news of his death reached the House of Commons, I exchanged a few words in the lobby with Mr Gladstone, who referred to the sight of the Emperor as he beheld him in 1844, and spoke of him in the highest terms of admiration as the most magnificent specimen of a man he had ever beheld.

Although an outsider, I took the keenest interest in everything which happened in the political world. As a humble individual I regretted in 1841 that the policy of Protection formed such a prominent *cheval de bataille* at the elections. No doubt it increased our majority in the counties. But Sir Robert Peel had led us from the depression of 1832 to the crowning victory of 1841 on the great principle of resistance to organic change, and with that he promised to find remedies for proved abuses, and to promote

all well-considered reforms. This was a lofty and patriotic policy. Important as I recognised it to be to uphold the agricultural interest, I was not prepared to fight at all hazards on behalf of laws regulating the price of corn, and dating from 1816. I watched the agitation and followed the arguments from year to year, and when Sir Robert Peel ceased to insist on the argument founded on the independence of the country for a supply of food, I thought that the game was up. I was therefore already a convinced adherent and a staunch supporter of the policy of Repeal in 1846. In my judgment no charge of treachery can be maintained, and the change of opinion was honest. But we may regret that Sir Robert had not taken his supporters sooner into his confidence and “educated” his party. And I am sure we all rejoiced in the troublous times of 1848 that the question of cheap bread was no longer before the country.

IV.

FIRST YEARS IN THE HOUSE, 1853-1857



## IV.

## FIRST YEARS IN THE HOUSE, 1853-1857.

M.P. FOR DURHAM CITY—THE ABERDEEN GOVERNMENT—A LITTLE FLUKE—NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S REFORM BILL—THE CRIMEA—DISRAELI AND SALISBURY—MR ROEBUCK'S VICTORY—LORD PALMERSTON PRIME MINISTER—THE LORCHA ARROW—THE CHINA DISSOLUTION—PALMERSTON VICTORIOUS.

LORD ABERDEEN was Prime Minister when I entered Parliament as M.P. for Durham city in 1853. The Aberdeen Government was a Coalition Government in the strict and odious sense of the term—such a Coalition as “England does not love.” Notoriously, it was the result of intrigues whereby the Peelites, who certainly brought many able men, were to have the full share of the spoils of office,

while Lord John Russell was to bring the votes. The country generally was not prepared to see Lord Aberdeen at the head of the Government. But the Peelites were determined that the Prime Minister should be found in their ranks, and Mr Gladstone's time had not yet come. Moreover, Lord Aberdeen was a *persona grata* at Court, and had been a leading member of several Administrations. But he was regarded as a Minister for Foreign Affairs, and had not occupied that commanding position in the country or in Parliament which seemed to qualify him for the highest post under the Crown.

The member for the city of Durham, who had been elected at the general election in 1852, died shortly afterwards. At the by-election Lord Adolphus Vane was the successful candidate; but he was unseated on petition, and it was then, in the Conservative interest, and with the influence of the Londonderry family, that I was elected.

[Party feeling was running high, and some of the incidents connected with the election are described in a letter of June 27, 1853 :—

I am full of business to-day with all the arrangements as to taking my seat. You will see by the 'Times' a very nasty account of our proceedings after the declaration of the poll. I feared we should have a row, as some hundred carpet-weavers would not allow me to be heard, and my men were as mad as possible to see me so treated. So far, however, from the men being drunk, when I got to my hotel they heard me with perfect attention. My friends were all most desirous that I should abstain from being chaired, expecting it would cause a row; but we determined to go round, and I went round for two hours in an open carriage and 4 white horses, the postilions in scarlet jackets, and I was very well received throughout the town. From one Radical public-house they threw tobacco-pipes and a glass of beer at me, but this was the only insult I met with; and I had a number of beautiful bouquets—cactuses, red geraniums, roses, &c.—thrown into the carriage. I shall be terribly

nervous the next fortnight, as they say they will petition. It must be lodged before to-morrow fortnight. I don't think it possible any one connected with me can have given away a sixpence or a glass of ale.]

When I came up to town to take my seat, by some accident the return had not arrived, and for one whole night I had to sit under the gallery. One of the first to congratulate me was my old Oxford friend Roundell Palmer. Mr Crowder came up, and after greeting me with lofty dignity, added, "Oh, but you know there's a petition against you, and you'll be unseated." Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, came up, and in his frank genial way said: "Glad to see you here, my dear fellow. Our people talk about a petition, but don't mind them, it will come to nothing." As a matter of fact, there was a talk of a petition, but nothing came of it. The next day I took my seat, introduced by Sir John Yarde Buller and Sir Robert

Harry Inglis, the representatives of my own native county and my own University, and of the undiluted Toryism of my boyhood and my undergraduate days. A remarkable bit of luck attended me soon after. I was audacious enough to divide the House on the third reading of the Charitable Trusts Bill, August 8, 1853, and I was so fortunate as to beat the Aberdeen Government. It is thus recorded in *Hansard* :—

Lord John Russell proposed that the clause relating to exemptions be so altered as to exclude the University of Durham from its operations. . . . Mr Mowbray said the cases of the Durham and London Universities were very dissimilar, the former being regulated in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Parliament.

House divided. Ayes 65, Noes 70; majority 5.

[This little fluke obtained for the new M.P. some credit from his constituents at large. An account of this is given in a letter to my mother, dated August 10, 1853 :—

I don't know whether the news of my brilliant success against Ministers on Monday night has reached you; but the 'Times' having only given Mr Mowbray credit for "a few words," it may not have done so. I had just observed to a friend, "Well, Durham is safe anyhow, for I have been looking at the bill as reprinted, and find all is right," when Lord John got up, and without any notice, again proposed to omit the exemption of Durham. I had to reiterate my arguments of Monday, and say I should divide. My friends, Sir R. Inglis and Sir J. Buller, Duckworth, &c., said they would go with me, although they feared I had no chance, from the subject being one of local interest to Durham. I resolved to divide, and on going into the lobby I found myself supported by many friends of the London University. The result was, we beat the Government by 70 to 65. I came home at 4 A.M. not a little elated, because it was good fun to beat the Ministers, who had behaved in a mean shabby way, and it will be a feather in my cap at Durham. It has been the subject of a good deal of talk and merriment.]

I was present at the naval review at Spithead, August 11, in the same year. There

have been many reviews since, which I have seen ; but there has never been any one equal as a spectacle to what we then witnessed. There were twenty-five ships of war : six of the line propelled by steam, three sailing-ships of the line, and the steam frigates and sloops. The “enemy” were represented by three sailing-ships, Prince Regent, London, and Queen, and other sailing-ships which were anchored at sea some distance from Spithead. The Queen and Prince Albert, on board the Duke of Wellington, went out in pursuit of the enemy. The Lords and Commons (the latter on the Bulldog) followed with the rest of the steam fleet, then put in requisition for the first time. We encountered the enemy, and a regular engagement ensued, with great expenditure of powder. The Bulldog was in the thick of the fight. It was a most exciting scene, and a great contrast to what is now exhibited when vessels carrying the spectators move slowly along the line, while

the magnificent navy of Great Britain remains stationary, as idle as “a painted ship upon a painted ocean.” We returned to town by a train timed for the House to meet at 10 P.M. But a curious *contretemps* occurred. The first part of the train, carrying the Speaker, Lord Palmerston, and a large number of members, of whom I was one, arrived punctually. The second part carried the officer of the House, who had with him the key of the cupboard in which the mace was kept. That did not arrive until 11 P.M. For an hour members were kept waiting. No House could be made without a mace. Inquiries were made in every quarter—in the House of Lords first and afterwards elsewhere—but no mace of any sort or kind could be obtained. Members waited for an hour in remarkable costumes, and at last the necessary business was soon transacted.

The year 1854 provided Parliament with work for two sessions. First it had a Reform

Bill introduced by Lord John Russell with a flourish of trumpets on February 13, and bearing on its back the auspicious names of Lord John himself and of Sir James Graham, the authors of the first Reform Act of 1832. But the introduction of such a bill at such a moment did not please Lord Palmerston, or commend itself to the common-sense of the House or the country. On April 11 it was abandoned by its authors. Lord John, who had charge of it, was affected by deep emotion when he announced its abandonment. He paused in his speech, and was loudly and repeatedly cheered by both sides of the House, because all sympathised with his motives, although they had no tears to shed over the unhappy bantling.

On March 6 came the wondrous episode of the great Budget, which revealed the light-hearted way in which the Government of the good Aberdeen drifted into the Russian war. We were told the Government

hoped it would not be a prolonged struggle, and we were asked to vote a sum of £1,250,000 for extraordinary military service, to provide 25,000 men, being at the rate of £50 per head. This was met by doubling the income-tax, then standing at 7d., for six months only. And we were comforted by the assurance that the amount was the smallest by which, under the most favourable circumstances, we could hope to see the gallant forces leaving our shores brought back after the completion of the object for which they were sent. So that a Cabinet of all the talents actually contemplated putting an end to the ascendancy of the Czar and the establishment of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, at a cost of a million and a quarter, and after a six months' campaign. Of course we had another Budget in May, and the demands grew, until in December we found that the job was not to be done without enlisting foreign mercenaries. Meanwhile tidings from the Crimea had

deeply stirred the heart of the nation. The victory at the Alma, the slaughter at Bala-clava, the tremendous struggle at Inkerman, enabled a generation unused to war to realise in some measure what war meant. And the House met for the winter session in a stormy mood. There were vacant places on our own benches. Two familiar faces, one on either side, Colonel Boyle and Colonel Blair, were there no more. They were numbered among the dead. And I can never forget the pathetic reference to their fate in Mr Bright's magnificent speech of December 22. When we separated at Christmas, it was obvious to many that the Coalition Government was doomed.

One measure which passed into a law that year was the Oxford University Reform Act. Read a second time on April 2, it occupied so long a time in Committee that it did not reach the third reading until June 29. On the second reading two men with a long parliamentary career before them made

speeches which attracted much attention: one was Mr Byng, afterwards Viscount Enfield and Earl of Strafford; the other Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury. The first received many compliments both in the House and from friends out of doors. Mr Disraeli remarked to me a few days afterwards: "You heard two speeches the other night—one by Byng, who has received so many congratulations in the House, and letters from all the duchesses and countesses in London; the other by Robert Cecil. You will not hear much of the first; the latter has made his mark as a real debater, and will become a considerable man." The prediction was verified. Lord Enfield was an excellent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Salisbury has been three times Prime Minister of England.

We met in January in no mood to be trifled with. The privations and sufferings of our gallant troops had profoundly im-

pressed men of all shades of opinion. Mr Roebuck gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army. As soon as notice was given, Lord John Russell resigned his post as Lord President of the Council, as he could not resist the motion—a resignation which he afterwards reconsidered, with the result that he remained in office until July. Mr Roebuck stated that although we had sent out 54,000 men, the effective force was only 14,000. He brought forward his motion on January 26. The House responded with alacrity, and put an end to the Coalition Government, by a majority of more than 2 to 1:—

Ayes for Roebuck	.	.	.	305
Noes for Government	.	.	.	148
Majority against Government				157

Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister, all the stronger because he was supreme in his own Cabinet, not hindered by half-hearted colleagues. The Queen, the Parliament, and the country were confident that he would prosecute the war with vigour and energy, bring it to a safe conclusion, and obtain a just and honourable peace. The session passed, upon the whole, with a fair amount of tranquillity; only one little incident clouded the otherwise serene atmosphere. On July 20 the Government brought forward a resolution for a joint guarantee by England and France of the interest on a loan of £5,000,000 to the Turkish Government. The result was in the nature of a surprise. An advance of £2,000,000 to Sardinia had already passed without opposition. But the Turkish loan found no favour. Men of weight on both sides opposed it. It was carried by a majority of 3 only:—

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Ayes . . . . .	135
Noes . . . . .	132

No one knew at the moment how serious the consequences of this vote might have been. I have no recollection of any special Whip. I strolled down from the Carlton after dinner, as a matter of course, listened to the debate, and voted against the Government, with no intention whatever of embarrassing Lord Palmerston or hindering the prosecution of the war; but we found next day that had the vote been otherwise, an immediate dissolution would have followed. Lord Palmerston would have carried the country with him in 1855 even more than he did in 1857, and his opponents of all shades of opinion—Conservatives, Peelites, and Radicals—would have been scattered to the winds.

[In 1852 my father had undertaken the office of Treasurer of the S.P.G., which he re-

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tained until 1873, when he gave it up. It was in connection with his work for the Society that he paid a visit to Hursley, in 1855, which he described to my mother in the following letter:—

*Dec. 5, 1855.*

I got to Hursley Park about 5.30 on Saturday. We dined at 7, and had the Bishop of Barbadoes, the Kebles, and sundry neighbouring clergy. Sunday we had merely our own quartette—Sir William, Lady, and Miss Heathcote. On Monday we went into Southampton in two carriages—Sir William and the Bishop of Barbadoes, the Bishop of Colombo returning in place of the former bishop; Miss Heathcote, Keble, myself, and Gilbert Heathcote in a barouche. We had but a poor meeting for the S.P.G. We had Melville Portal and his bride, Lady Charlotte, in the house. Yesterday Lord Robert Cecil came also, so we had a remarkably pleasant party: he is always an agreeable addition to any party, and I was only sorry he did not come on Monday instead of Tuesday. I suppose our party represented pretty nearly the division in our ranks on peace and war; for we had Sir William and Robert Cecil for peace, and Melville

Portal and myself for war. However, the Funds are going up; and if it is true that Louis Napoleon is determined there shall be peace, I suppose we shall have to put up with the best terms we can get from Russia. Hursley is an extremely nice place — quite a model house, parish, farm, &c. Keble seems very happy and in good spirits: he dined with us two days, and we paid him a visit in his own house one morning.]

The session of 1856 began in February, and ran its tranquil course until July. Peace was in the air when we met, and was already a *fait accompli*, although the Treaty of Paris was not signed until March 30, and the ratifications were exchanged a month later. The peace was regarded as coming a little too early for us, and must have been arranged rather to suit the views of our ally the Emperor of the French, so that it was not welcomed with the joy which generally accompanies such an event. The only important legislation of the year was an act authorising the resignation

of the sees of London and Durham by Bishops Blomfield and Maltby, the act which established a precedent for future legislation by which all bishops of the Church of England were enabled to resign their sees.

The session of 1857 began on February 3 and ended on March 20. During the recess there had been a certain approximation between the regular Opposition and the Peelites. We heard much of the “turbulent and aggressive policy” of Lord Palmerston. In the early part of the year we had constant controversies between Mr Gladstone and Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, in which the former severely criticised the financial policy of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Afterwards there were animated debates in both Houses, when the Government was arraigned for the support they had given to the high-handed action of an unpopular official, Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong - Kong.

There had been a dispute between him and the Commissioner of the Chinese Government about the lorcha Arrow, a China-built vessel which carried the British flag and claimed the right to British protection, and a conflict had arisen in the Canton river. In the Lords a motion by Lord Derby censuring the Government was defeated by a majority of 36 :—

For Lord Derby . . . . .	110
Against . . . . .	146

In our House, a resolution moved by Mr Cobden and supported by Mr Disraeli and the bulk of the Opposition, by Mr Gladstone and Sir James Graham, by Lord John Russell and Mr Roebuck, was carried by a majority of 16 :—

For Mr Cobden . . . . .	263
For the Government . . . . .	247

On the next day Lord Palmerston announced that there would be an appeal

to the country, and a dissolution followed as soon as possible. The China dissolution, as it was called, was a memorable event. Mr Cobden and Mr Bright lost their seats for the West Riding and Manchester. Lord John Russell himself held his ground in the City against Mr Raikes Currie, designated by him as the young man from Northampton. Our ranks were sadly decimated, and Lord Palmerston was maintained in power with a majority enormously increased, and apparently installed in Downing Street for the rest of his natural life.

For the present I leave Lord Palmerston, the favourite of the nation, victorious at the polls, with forty years of parliamentary life still before me.

V.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THEN  
AND NOW



V.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THEN AND NOW.

EVERY PARLIAMENT ITS OWN CHARACTERISTICS—FRATERNITY WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE—MR BRADLAUGH—WORK ON COMMITTEES—DRESS IN THE HOUSE—THE HOURS THE HOUSE KEEPS—“BROTHERTON! BROTHERTON!”—LORD PALMERSTON AND MR EWART.

It might be asked at this point, how far the House of Commons as it was from 1853 to 1857 differed from the House of the present day. I know it is the fashion to say that there is a great decadence in the tone and spirit as well as in the manners of Parliament. I think this is greatly exaggerated. Every Parliament has its own special characteristics, which depend to some extent upon the circumstances under which

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it came into existence, the authority of the Speaker, and the personal influence of the Leader. The Parliament of 1832-34 was doubtless much affected by the excitement which prevailed during the Reform agitation of the two preceding years. The Parliament of 1880 was turbulent owing to the unsettled state of Ireland and the excitement among the Irish members within our walls. The short-lived Parliament of 1885-86 represented the great change which the lowering of the county franchise had made in the rural constituencies. But I believe the spirit which animates the House of Commons as a body is much the same now as it has ever been—a patriotic spirit, conscious of the great traditions which it inherits, and anxious to work for the good of the Empire.

There is, and always has been, a very real feeling of fraternity within the walls of the House. If a man is willing to learn and

willing to work, he is recognised as a real recruit, and is welcomed accordingly. He comes in contact with other men, he respects their opinions, he discards some of his old prejudices, he gradually falls into line, and is ready to associate himself with his compatriots in the great work of legislation. Mr Bradlaugh was a notable instance of a man who, representing the most advanced opinions, came in and dwelt among us, and earned the respect of all by his constant labours and the honest and independent expression of his views.

There may be in each Parliament men who come only to wreck and to obstruct. But they are few in number and have no influence. They disappear and are forgotten. But the sentiment of the House as an institution remains to-day much as it was when I first entered it.

Many changes, of course, there have been. Some may suggest that I am riding my own

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hobby if I hint that members are not quite so willing as they were to burden themselves with the heavy work that falls on members who sit on Committees—labours which are not much appreciated out of doors, and of which constituents know so little. In old days the county members, the chairmen of quarter sessions, the “great unpaid,” who did so much good and true work throughout our rural districts, fell into harness very easily and readily. Nowadays, with a larger proportion of members whose time is occupied with business or professional engagements, it becomes more and more difficult to find men who will devote the hours of midday to Committee work.

Costumes vary, of course, with members of Parliament, as they do with undergraduates at the University; and the benches on both sides are thronged with men who wear hats and coats which would have shocked Speaker Denison in 1860, and brought down on their

wearers his severe condemnation. White ducks, on the other hand, have almost disappeared; yet the Duke of Wellington wore them always in summer, and I have seen Mr Secretary Peel standing at the table so attired before the Georgian era had ended. There is less rhetoric. Speakers are less profound and less ornate. Yet Lord Palmerston, during all the time he was Prime Minister, scarcely ever made a great speech. What he said was addressed to the audience and adapted to the occasion. Classical quotations are out of date, and our ordinary debates are dull and commonplace.

One really important change the House has made is in the hours it keeps. When I entered it there were no rules to regulate its rising. The House was generally desirous of finishing the business on the paper. But we didn't sit very late, as a rule. About twelve or half-past Mr Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, used to get up and move the ad-

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journment with a face beaming with good nature. He did this so regularly that towards midnight there were always calls for “Brotherton! Brotherton!” And very generally Brotherton’s appeal was responded to. Lord Palmerston would express a hope that the hon. member would not press his motion: “There was just a little more business to be done, and it would soon be got through.” And so it was, and in half an hour or so the House had risen.

This brings to my recollection an amusing incident, also in Lord Palmerston’s leadership. Mr Ewart, M.P. for Dumfries, brought forward a motion as to the earlier rising of the House. The House, he said with some solemnity, ought to set an example to the rest of the community. Palmerston, in reply, said that the hon. gentleman told them that the House should set an example by not keeping late hours. But there might be a difference of opinion as to what late

hours were. He had a friend, for example, who had an appointment with the Duke of Wellington. His friend was what might be called a late man. The Duke, as everybody knew, was quite the reverse. The appointment was for eight o'clock in the morning. He (Lord Palmerston) said to his friend, "How can you manage to keep it?" "Oh," he replied, "it's the easiest thing in the world. I shall take it the last thing before going to bed." The twelve o'clock rule, which has now become a standing order of the House, has effected a great improvement on the state of affairs which prevailed from 1880 to 1890.



VI.

FIVE SPEAKERS, 1839-1899

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## VI.

## FIVE SPEAKERS, 1839-1899.

SPEAKER SHAW-LEFEVRE, 1839-57—SPEAKER DENISON, 1857-72—  
SPEAKER BRAND, 1872-83—SPEAKER PEEL, 1883-95—SPEAKER  
GULLY, 1895.

My recollections of eleven Parliaments since I became a member of the House of Commons group themselves round the Speakers under whom I have sat, and I may say something about them here.

Speaker Shaw-Lefevre . . . .	1839-57
“ Denison . . . .	1857-72
“ Brand . . . .	1872-83
“ Peel . . . .	1883-95
“ Gully . . . .	1895

Of Speaker Lefevre I have vivid and most charming recollections. He was my country

neighbour, residing at Heckfield in Hampshire, a few miles from my home, and we used to have long talks about the inner life of the House of Commons. No subject delighted him more. He had been called to the Chair in 1839 by the action of the independent members. Goulburn was the nominee of the Opposition, and the Government of Lord Melbourne was believed to favour the candidature of Spring-Rice; but Lefevre carried the day.

He was a very strong Speaker. We owe to him greatly the continuance of the authority which still surrounds his successors. When he came to the Chair the discipline of the House was relaxed, and there was a great want of decorum. Cock-crowing and other disorderly interruptions had been not uncommon. Lefevre changed all that. He was a splendid man physically, and looked every inch the part. He enforced the old rule which required members



SPEAKER SHAW-LEFEVRE.



attending the Speaker's dinners to appear in full dress, and thus revived the dignity which rightly appertains to Mr Speaker, as well when he occupies the Chair as in his social relations with members elsewhere. He was a very popular Speaker. Personally, he was a delightful man, dignified and courteous; and it was always a treat to spend a few hours with Lord Eversley in his library at Heckfield, looking on those terrace gardens which were laid out with exquisite taste and kept up in perfect order.

Speaker Denison succeeded to a House that had reached smoother water; order was respected, and his authority was acknowledged and loyally accepted. Mr Evelyn Denison had a fine appearance. In natural ability, certainly, he was second to none. He belonged to a most distinguished family. He maintained, in all respects, the dignity of the Chair.

If Lefevre and Denison were distinguished

for their commanding presence, Sir Henry Brand was not equally fortunate, but he ingratiated himself with the House by his suavity. He held the reins with a light hand, and sometimes, perhaps, hesitated too long before taking the initiative; yet his memory will ever be held in honour for his assertion of the prerogative of the Chair on a notable occasion. That was the *coup d'état*, so called, of January 1881, when on his own authority he put the question and stopped a debate which had been prolonged for nearly two days.

After Speaker Brand came Speaker Peel, who is to be regarded as one of the most able, one of the strongest, men who ever filled the Chair. He had great dignity and a magnificent presence. Whenever anything occurred which called forth his righteous indignation, he awed and impressed the House by his solemn and emphatic utterances. I have a profound



SPEAKER BRAND.



admiration for Speaker Peel. I proposed him for re-election in January 1886. In March 1895 I proposed Sir Matthew W. Ridley as his successor, and in August 1895 proposed Mr Gully, the present Speaker, for re-election. That is surely a unique record. It is unnecessary for me to say how excellent a Speaker Mr Gully is. His unanimous re-election in 1895 was a strong tribute to his great capacity, and every year which has since passed has only added to the respect which all entertain for him. The House at large rejoices to know that in him they have found a worthy successor to the great men who have occupied the Chair in past times.



VII.

IN THE HOUSE, 1857-1859



## VII.

## IN THE HOUSE, 1857-1859.

PALMERSTON IN THE ASCENDANT—DEBATES ON THE DIVORCE ACT—  
SIR RICHARD BETHELL AND MR GLADSTONE—THE CONSPIRACY BILL  
—LORD DERBY'S GOVERNMENT—JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL—THE  
DIFFICULTIES OF TAKING OFFICE—SWORN OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL  
—INDIA BILLS—A VOTE OF CENSURE DEBATE—DISRAELI AND  
GLADSTONE—A WHITEBAIT DINNER—CHERBOURG—WINDSOR—  
LORD PALMERSTON AGAIN PRIME MINISTER.

I TAKE up the thread of my reminiscences of the House of Commons where I left off at the end of the elections after the China Dissolution in 1857. The new Parliament met on April 30. The star of Palmerston was in the ascendant. Bright and Cobden were conspicuous by their absence. Sir Stafford Northcote, retiring from Dudley, had been unsuccessful in securing the suf-

frages of North Devon. Lord Cavendish, afterwards Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, made their first appearance, and were welcomed as representatives of historic names and Whig traditions. Mr Evelyn Denison was chosen Speaker.

There was no great thirst for legislation. The Royal Speech at the close of the session, indeed, spoke of the many Acts of great importance which had been passed, but there was only one great legislative enactment on which the Government could congratulate itself,—the Act establishing a Divorce Court.

The bill was introduced in the Lords. It came on in the Commons for second reading on July 30, and became the law of the land on August 28. It did not raise any party question, and the issue was never doubtful. Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli were united in opposition, while Mr Walpole and Mr Henley were divided, the former supporting,

the latter opposing, the bill. But the proceedings in Committee were very animated. We had a succession of single combats in the Homeric style between the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, and Mr Gladstone, which were only equalled in briskness by those of 1866 between Mr Lowe and Mr Gladstone about the Trojan Horse. The Attorney-General speaking at the end of the Treasury Bench and Mr Gladstone at the corner seat on the second bench below the gangway were in close contact, and the latter was described by the former as “boiling over with arguments,” and “his eloquence exuding from every pore.” The Attorney-General was supercilious and amusing, while Mr Gladstone gave us a striking illustration of unflinching courage in fighting a lost battle, of his wonderful power of debate, and of his intense and earnest religious conviction. In vain he complained that the bill was pushed forward with unprecedented

levity. In the Upper House the Duke of Norfolk, as representative of the Roman Communion, had offered his determined opposition. But the Lords Spiritual as a body, with the exception of Bishop Wilberforce, were less vigilant in their criticism than might have been expected with regard to a bill that proposed changes of such vast importance in the law of Church and State.

*April 30, 1857.*

It is an uncommon pleasant thing for oneself personally to find you are a member of a new House, but the exhibition on our benches forms a painful contrast to what it was two months since. The affair [election of Speaker] has been very flat; nothing could be more meagre than Lord Harry Vane and Thornely, but what our new Speaker said was in good taste and with a good manner. There was a mistake as to the hour of the House meeting, and in consequence Dizzy was not there, but it fell to Walpole's lot to join with Palmerston in congratulations. We meet to-morrow at 2. As they swear by counties, and Durham stands well up in the alphabet, I hope to swear before 4.

We had a very pleasant party at the Gladstones' last night, and very Conservative on the whole. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. Cornwall Lewis) was among the guests.

*May 7, 1857.*

Such a contrast between May 7 and February 2. Then all seemed to forebode storm; now, everything betokens calm. A most meagre speech with nothing in it. Dodson good in language, but very heavy; a most injudicious seconder from Buchanan the new M.P. for Glasgow—so violent an attack on the old Parliament about the China vote that it called up General Thompson, the M.P. for Bradford, though he was not in Parliament, and not a party to the vote. Lord Robert Grosvenor protested also, and asked about Reform in Parliament. The question was being put when Pam rose, promised the subject should have the anxious and serious consideration of the Cabinet, and that he would bring in a measure for next session. Roe-buck pinned him to his promise, and the House went home at 6 P.M. *Not a single syllable* from any member of the Opposition. Many significant changes. S. Herbert gone above the gangway, and so severed from Graham and Gladstone and enlisted as a Palmerstonian. The strangest of all,

Sir E. Dering, one of our men, the man who gave notice of motion to reject Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill in 1854, planted at the back of Pam when he promises a Reform Bill for 1858! The most sudden change I have seen. Beresford Hope sits on the Ministerial side also.

*July 17, 1857.*

We had a very lively night for a dull House yesterday, but the Government carried it all their own way. I voted with them; indeed I made up my mind to do so early, and I was exceedingly glad when I found Walpole and Dizzy doing the same. They both spoke very well. The Peelites were as eccentric as usual. There was a *great* meeting of the party, at which it was resolved by 2 to 1 to oppose the Government! The 2 did so—Graham and Gladstone—the 1 went away. Gladstone spoke well but not wisely. Graham had been distinguishing himself in the morning by taking the lead of a large party of Radical members at a meeting on the Jew Bill.

Parliament was called together again on December 3, and passed a bill to indemnify the Bank of England for having issued notes in excess of the amount authorised by the

Act of 1844. It then adjourned until February 4, 1858.

The Indian Mutiny and the account of the enormities committed at Delhi and Cawnpore had painfully absorbed the minds of all during the autumn, and our Indian Empire seemed shaken to its very foundations. The affairs of India, therefore, occupied the most prominent place in the Royal Speech ; the attention of Parliament being next called to the laws which regulated the representation of the people. But meanwhile another matter arose which demanded the prompt action of the British Government, and produced an unexpected result by its consequences on the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. In the middle of January, Europe was shocked by the startling intelligence of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. Some of the conspirators had lived under the shelter of our laws, and had abused the asylum which England

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offered to political refugees by going forth from our shores to take part in these atrocious acts. Irritation sprang up between the two countries. The French colonels addressed the Emperor, denouncing the English nation. Count Walewski made a communication to the English Government. On February 9 Lord Palmerston introduced a bill to amend the law relating to conspiracy to murder, which Disraeli and the Tories supported. Leave was given to introduce it by a large majority—Ayes 299, Noes 99. The second reading came on on the 19th. Mr Milner Gibson moved a resolution from the Government side of the House expressing regret that the Government, before introducing the bill, “had not felt it to be their duty to make some reply to the important despatch received from the French Government, dated Paris, January 20, 1858.”

This amendment received the support of

Mr Disraeli and of Mr Gladstone, and of the majority of our party. Mr Henley said that the resolution was “true as Gospel: how could any man vote against it?” In my view, Lord Palmerston was right in condemning it as an “insidious amendment.” It was unsound, if not unprecedented, intended to destroy the bill, and to defeat by a side-wind the decision of the House on the previous stage. The House carried Mr Milner Gibson’s amendment, and so destroyed the bill by a majority of 19,— Ayes 215, Noes 234. I voted in the minority with Lord Palmerston. After a lapse of forty years I see no reason whatever for regretting my vote, and I should be prepared to do again, after deliberation, what I then had to do on the spur of the moment.

[The events of this month and the fall of Lord Palmerston’s Government are de-

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scribed in more detail in the following letters :—]

*Feb. 4, 1858.*

As far as I can collect, we are going to have an anxious session. The Refugee question has become most serious. Lord Cowley came over from Paris on Tuesday, by the desire, it is said, of the Emperor, to represent to our Government the feelings of the French army, and that if something be not done, his Government cannot control them. H. Liddell, who has just come from Paris, tells me all the officers refused at first to go to Lord Cowley's ball in honour of the wedding [of the Princess Royal], and only went in obedience to the Emperor's express orders. They then wanted not to wear the Victoria medals, and that also was done at last by order. We shall therefore have first and foremost an Alien Bill of some sort. I suspect the India Bill is to dwindle to very little. Lord John and Lord Grey are said to be against Lord Palmerston; and Macaulay, who has been created a peer since last session, is talked of as likely to make his first speech in the Lords for the East India Company, and against the Government. It follows, then, that, forced to bring in an unpopular Alien Bill, and to drop their medi-

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tated Indian measure, they must try a Radical Reform Bill instead of a moderate one, and this is just the course such a reckless gamester as Pam is likely to adopt. A pretty prospect, is it not?

*Feb. 9.*

We had wrangling up to one o'clock on the vote of thanks to the army in India. Dizzy and Pakington objecting to Lord Canning being included, fortunately common - sense and generous feeling were better represented by Walpole and Henley, or the whole party would have been discredited. At one time it seemed like a division, when I should decidedly have voted against Dizzy. Then came the Conspiracy Bill, and the House is in *such* a state of absurd excitement. It is a disgrace to our law that the act of stealing a pennyworth of faggots should be a higher offence than conspiracy to murder, and the blot, being hit, ought to be mended. Lord John kept very quiet, but it is said he is ready to go against Pam. If he does, he must be prepared to ride into office on the British lion declaring war against France. I don't like Walewski's letter, and I don't like the whole aspect of business; especially when I recollect the institution in August last of the medal of St Helena

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for the old soldiers. But this is not the moment for a quarrel, if we can prevent it. The debate is adjourned.

*Feb. 10.*

We divided this morning at one o'clock—299 to 99—a large majority for Palmerston. Johnny has made a mess of it again, having made a dull but violent speech, and carried few people with him. There are rather less than 30 Conservatives amongst the 99. Dizzy made an excellent speech, very effective and very statesmanlike; altogether the debate was more creditable to the dignity and character of the House than that of Monday.

*Feb. 19.*

It is a strange House of Commons and a most unstatesmanlike body! I wonder how it will comport itself when it has to face a French invasion? for I shall be wonderfully astonished if we can keep the peace between this and August. I think even Louis Napoleon himself is plotting war, and that day by day, and step by step, we are being goaded, or driven, or are "drifting" (or whatever you like to call it), into it.

*Feb. 22.*

We have had the shortest possible announcement from Pam to-night, and have adjourned

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till Friday. All that is known is that Gladstone at present declines to join. He will not come alone, and the others will not come with him—another instance of the curious way in which the Peelites are always marring everything. We shall therefore have a Derbyite Government “pure and simple” as in 1852. It may last until February next if it is lucky, but *quære*? I have had plenty of congratulations and plenty of jokes; the rumour [that he was to be Under-Secretary for the Home Department] is only in the ‘Times,’ but it is copied into all the evening papers. Dolly (Lord Adolphus Vane) is in very good humour, and joined in congratulations. No one is in any heart about the matter except the lawyers who may get judgeships during the next six months. Every one else regards it as a rash and perilous experiment.

The result of the vote was to put an end to Lord Palmerston’s Government. I had the honour of holding a post in the Ministry of Lord Derby which succeeded it. The manner of my coming into office was somewhat remarkable. The critical division took place on the Friday. I

went out of town on the Saturday, believing that my prospects of holding office, if I ever had any, were at an end. I noticed with some amazement my name appearing in Monday's 'Times' among the conjectural appointments — as Under Secretary for the Home Office. I was at the House of Commons through the week, and on Friday the 26th I heard all the writs moved. The Government was practically completed. On Friday night I left town again, and did not return until the following Wednesday, when on going into the Carlton I met Disraeli on the steps. He said to me, "Have you answered Lord Derby's letter yet?" "What letter?" I replied; and then he said, "There is a high post for you, and you will be sworn of the Privy Council. You will have to be re-elected; Lord Derby is waiting for a reply." I said that I had not got the letter,—had not heard of any. On going

into the Club and asking the hall-porter if there were any letters for me, he pulled out of the pigeon-hole Lord Derby's communication marked "Private and Immediate," with Lord Derby's name on the envelope. It seems almost incredible that this could have happened at the Carlton, during a Ministerial crisis,—but so it was. I opened the letter, which ran as follows:—

ST JAMES'S SQUARE, *Feb. 26, 1858.*

DEAR SIR,—The Government appointments being now nearly complete, may I request that you will do me the favour of calling here at as early an hour to-morrow between 10 and 1 as may suit your convenience. I have reserved an appointment which I am enabled to offer to your acceptance, which I think might not be unacceptable to you, and for which you are particularly well qualified. I ought to add that the acceptance will involve the necessity of vacating your seat for Durham, which, however, if your acceptance of office be locally approved, can hardly raise any difficulty.—I am, dear sir,  
yours faithfully,  
DERBY.

I went to St James's Square instantly, saw Lord Derby, told him that I had that moment only received his letter, and found that the post was that of Judge Advocate-General. I said that I did not feel I had any claim to the appointment,—I had voted against the party the other night. But he replied that that did not matter—it was not a party question; and would I accept the appointment? I replied, “Yes, certainly.” As to the seat, I believed that that would be arranged all right. It was a Londonderry seat. At that moment the butler opened the door and announced Lord Eglinton. “Oh,” I said, “Lord Eglinton. He's the very man to do it.” So when he was shown up, Lord Derby said to him, “Mowbray has just been telling me that you are the very man to smooth his way to office with Lady Londonderry.” He said he would do what he could, and would I go to him in an hour's time? I

did so, and he said to me, "I can do nothing. Lady Londonderry won't hear of it." I asked, "How is that? Have I offended her in any way?" He told me, not at all, Lady Londonderry spoke very nicely of me. But she had never forgiven Lord Derby for the prominent part he took in the successful opposition to her husband's appointment as Ambassador to St Petersburg in 1835, and she would not give Lord Derby's Government more than tacit support.

I went to see her son, Lord Adolphus Vane, and told him I wished to see his mother. "She's not very well," he said, "you can't see her to-day." I told him why I wished so particularly to see her, and he said it was of no use. His mother would not hear of my taking office. His brother, Lord Vane, had been offered office and had refused, and he would have done the same had he been offered a post: he

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would give no more than independent support to Lord Derby. As I pressed him, however, he promised I should see his mother the next day at eleven.

I went to Disraeli and told him what had happened. "Well," he said, "you must just acquiesce in the decision and keep your seat. When you have a seat you're all right. Something will turn up. Whereas if you lost your seat, you would be in a bad position."

When I saw Lady Londonderry next morning, she told me the same thing, how her son had refused office. I pointed out to her that Lord Vane had a great position which required no office to enhance it. My case was different: office meant advancement and success in life to me. But I added that the kindness of her family had always been great, and that I acquiesced in her decision, and would decline the post.

I returned that day, the Thursday, to St Leonards, and the next night after dinner, about ten o'clock, I heard a fly drive up, and immediately afterwards my butler, who was a very smart young fellow, and knew what was going on, opened the door in a most majestic manner and announced, "A Queen's messenger from Lord Derby." He brought a message to the effect that he had understood on the previous day that only Lady Londonderry's objection kept me from accepting office, and would I accept if that opposition was withdrawn? I put up the Queen's messenger for the night. Next morning came a telegram from Lady Londonderry saying that I would have received a letter, sent by Lord Derby at her instigation, and asking me to come and see her. I went, and if she had been my mother she could not have treated me more kindly. She said that she had been much impressed by what I had told her of

the meaning of office to me; that she could not allow my career to be spoiled in this way—she hadn't been able to sleep because of it; and she withdrew her opposition, and had sent to Lord Derby and asked him to renew the offer. I was to send a message at once to the managers at Durham, which I did. I went down to Durham, was welcomed with the utmost cordiality by all my constituents, including many prominent Liberals, was re-elected without opposition, returned to London, and took my seat on March 18.

*March 25.*

I had a very pleasant time at the Levée. Very kind congratulations from S. Oxon., chat with Lord Chancellor, and various other Ministers and ex-Ministers, and was presented in due course. I heard the Queen say to the Prince, "This is the Judge-Advocate." She has fixed to receive me at 3 P.M. on Friday, so you must fancy me going there. There is an awkward thing, as you will see. Pelissier is named French Ambassador, and people think this means war. He is reported to be a

rough and ungracious man, and has no wife to bring, and they think he is sent to spy out the nakedness of the land. I hope we shall be well prepared.

*March 26.*

A dull night on the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. We scarcely knew how things might go, but when it was clear that Palmerston and Lord John would go with the Government, Roebuck had no chance. After that, late at night, Johnny tried to be vicious, and Dizzy gave him a regular overthrow. I have some anxiety about the India Bill, but we shall see. Lord Ellenborough seems to have been aggravating his colleagues by doing imprudent things out of his own head.

The duties of Judge Advocate-General, I may say here, included the revisal of courts-martial. All cases were referred to the office, and the proceedings of general courts-martial were submitted to the Queen in private audience. It was thus my special privilege to be honoured with such audiences at frequent intervals; and I learnt

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to realise to the full that, as Sir William Hayter had told me, when congratulating me on my acceptance of office, I should find the audiences with the Queen the most pleasant part of the duties of the post. The gracious kindness of the Sovereign must ever leave a most profound impression on all who have been privileged to approach her.

On April 6 I went to Windsor to be sworn of the Privy Council. We had a special train: Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor (Chelmsford), Lord Salisbury, the father of the present Prime Minister, Lords Hardwicke, Stanley, and John Manners; Mr Henley and Mr Walpole; the Earl of Donoughmore, and myself, to be sworn in Privy Councillors; the Earl of Sefton and Lord Sudeley to be sworn in Lord Lieutenants. At the Castle we found Lord Malmesbury and Lord De la Warr, and had luncheon, and waited in an anteroom until

the doors were opened. The ceremonial was impressive. The Queen was seated at the end of a long table in a spacious apartment. The Prince Consort sat at her right. Chairs were ranged all down on either side. The Lord Chamberlain and two Lords-in-waiting, in Windsor uniform, with wands, were seated at the farther end of the room, behind the Queen.

The Ministers went in, and the doors were closed and opened again in a minute. The Clerk of the Council called on Lord Donoughmore and Mr Mowbray to come in. We were ushered up the room bowing, and knelt on two cushions before her Majesty, took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and the Privy Councillors' oath, and each of us kissed the Queen's hand. The Prince shook hands with us on rising, and so did all the Privy Councillors, each getting up to do so in turn. We were then ordered to take our seats at the table, which we did. Lords Sefton and

Sudeley were then called in, advanced, knelt, and took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy alone, kissed hands, and were told, "You may retire," and then straightway bowed out, not being made Privy Councillors. Lord Salisbury as Lord President read to the Queen several proposed Orders in Council; to which her Majesty said, "Approved." The Queen rose. The Lord Chancellor, being new to his work, expected that she would retire, whereas her Majesty expected us to retire: then we had a deal of laughing, and the Queen seemed greatly amused. Ultimately we all backed out. The ceremony took less time than we expected. Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sefton, and several of us walked to the station. Lord Sefton remarked to Lord Derby, "We shall be at Paddington before my brougham will be there." Lord Derby rejoined, "Walk, my boy, walk; it will do you good." On which the Chancellor ob-

served, “No, my Lord ; he will say to you—

‘ How blest is he who ne’er consents  
By ill advice to *walk* ; ’ ”—

a remark that was very appropriate, as the day was stormy, the path muddy, and Lord Sefton was attired in light lavender trousers and thin patent-leather boots. And so “the Lords of the Councel” returned to town.

Congratulations on his appointment were not limited to his own side in polities, as may be seen from the following letter from Lord Coleridge—then Mr Coleridge, of the Western Circuit—one of my father’s firmest friends to the day of his death, in spite of the politieal differences which parted them :—

WESTERN CIRCUIT, EXETER,  
March 15, 1858.

MY DEAR MOWBRAY,—I write a line heartily to congratulate you on your appointment. I never can and never do forget that when I first joined the Circuit your kindness to me was great and uniform

at a time when I had no claims on you and when it was of the utmost value to me. I do assure you that nothing which happens to you can ever be matter of indifference to me, and that no one more sincerely rejoices at your present success. My best regards to Mrs Mowbray.—Believe me always, yours most truly,

J. D. COLERIDGE.

The affairs of India absorbed the attention of Parliament throughout the session. On February 18 Lord Palmerston had obtained leave, by a majority of 145, to bring in a bill (India No. 1) to transfer the government of our great Indian Empire from the East India Company to the Crown. That bill never reappeared, for Lord Palmerston's Government fell. On March 26 Mr Disraeli obtained leave to bring in a bill (No. 2), which was said to be Lord Ellenborough's scheme. He spoke of the emotion he felt when he proposed to abolish that famous corporation of the East India Company, which, "like Venice, had left a legacy of

glory to mankind." He proposed that there should be a Secretary of State for India to preside over a Council of eighteen persons, nine nominated by the Crown and nine chosen by popular election—four by a special constituency created under the bill, and five by London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. The proposal was not favourably received by the House. Mr Roebuck declared that from beginning to end the proposal was a sham; and Mr Bright, while disclaiming any hostility to the new Government, said that the proposal whereby five large constituencies should elect councillors savoured of claptrap. On April 26 came another stage leading up to the introduction of another bill (No. 3), when Mr Disraeli moved that the House should go into Committee to consider certain Resolutions which the Government had laid on the table. Lord Palmerston had amused the whole House by saying of Bill

No. 2: "People met one another in the street — and one laughed, and the other laughed, and everybody laughed. 'What are you laughing at?' said one. 'Why, at the India Bill, to be sure. What are *you* laughing at?' 'Why, I was laughing at the India Bill.' That was the reception it met with out of doors." Mr Gladstone remonstrated against the Resolutions, and protested against attempts at legislation which he did not believe would be attended with any satisfactory result. Lord John Russell favoured proceeding by Resolution with a view to legislation during the then existing session. The House agreed to the motion without division. But when the day came for going into Committee, on April 30, Lord Harry Vane moved to postpone legislation to another year. That was rejected by 447 to 57. On going into Committee on the Resolutions on May 7, Mr Edward Ellice, in a speech which Lord John Russell described

as being one half of it too late and the other half too soon, and as a member of what Mr Disraeli called a party of confusion, endeavoured to obstruct the progress of the Resolutions; but ultimately they were all agreed to, and the Government of India Bill (No. 3) was read a first time on June 17. It passed our House on July 8, with the cordial and hearty assent of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and the thanks of Mr Disraeli to both sides of the House for the candour and patience with which they had assisted the Government in the progress of the measure. The bill received the Royal Assent on August 2.

*July 7.*

Palmerston ran us hard last night with a crafty clause on the India Bill, which Bright supported: by dint of speaking against time we beat him by a majority of 34, and subsequently, with Pam's aid, we beat Johnny by 27, so we have managed to carry our Bill through without a single defeat.

*July 21.*

I had the honour to-day, with Hardy, of introducing Stafford Northcote to the House. After that I paired with Stanley for the Jew Bill, of which I was quite tired.

But in the middle of the discussion of the Resolutions a week was lost in a great party fight. On May 14 a vote of censure was moved in both Houses—in the Lords by Lord Shaftesbury, in the Commons by Mr Cardwell—censuring the Government for having made public a despatch of Lord Ellenborough condemning the conduct of Lord Canning, the Governor - General of India, in issuing a proclamation to the King of Oude. In the Lords the vote of censure was defeated only by a majority of nine, and that by moving the previous question, Contents—*i.e.*, for vote of censure—158; Not Contents—*i.e.*, for previous question—167. In the Commons several nights were consumed in debate, until Mr Bright said

that Mr Cardwell had raked together a great many small things to swell up a great case; and he characterised the speech of the Solicitor-General, Sir Hugh Cairns, in reply, as the cleverest logic and the most complete and exhaustive argument, and as a conclusive answer to the charge against the Government. And thus the debate might have ended. Lord Ellenborough at an early stage had rendered an attack on the whole Cabinet unnecessary by submitting his resignation to the Queen and taking upon himself the entire responsibility for the act. But the object was to destroy the Government, or at any rate to force a dissolution. There is no doubt that at one time things looked very black for us. As the debate progressed, however, the prospects of the Government improved daily, until at length on May 21, when the division was expected to take place, the great faction fight ended in a fiasco. Mr Clay rose and asked Mr Card-

well to withdraw his motion. Mr Cardwell declined. Mr Tom Duncombe, the Radical member for Finsbury, said that “he intended to vote for the motion, and if Mr Cardwell held him to that pledge, perhaps he ought to be held to it: as it was, all he had to do was to take off his hat and wish him good-night, and leave him to the tender mercies of hon. members opposite.” Questions were asked in all parts of the House, by all sorts of people, of all sorts of people. The merriment of the Ministerialists became rather boisterous when Lord John Russell moved up from below the gangway to take his seat next Lord Palmerston on the front Opposition bench for a few minutes’ conversation. The pious aspiration of an eminent ex-law officer had evidently been realised, “These—two—old—men—*must* be brought together.” At last Mr Cardwell said it was his desire to do what he could not do in the early part of the evening, and to act

in accordance with what appeared to be the general feeling of the House, and to withdraw his motion. Mr Gladstone approved of the propriety of that course, and Mr Disraeli, while assenting to it, stated that it was not because the Government shrank from going to a vote that he did so. Mr Bright, while admitting that the House had arrived at a conclusion which he thought would excite the amusement and perhaps the ridicule of the public, implored every man in the House to return to the consideration of the Resolutions on the India Bill with the object of passing the best Resolutions and the best bill in the shortest possible time which the intelligence of the House could devise. And so the "Cabal" came to an end, and the House, which expected to sit to a late hour, went home to dinner before eight. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, radiant from his triumph, made a speech in the

following week at Slough, and descended to a sympathetic audience on the series of “dissolving views” which had afforded so much delight and amusement to the House.

One personal incident of the session deserves special notice. Sir William Fraser in his book, ‘Disraeli and his Day,’ states that Disraeli only laughed once in the House of Commons. It occurred on May 4. I can remember the incident well. Mr Gladstone had made a long and impassioned speech in favour of the union of the two Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, in the course of which he had drawn a glowing picture of the virtues of these representatives of the “ancient Dacians.” Mr Disraeli, in opposing the motion, pointed out that the probable result would be the extinction of the independence of these interesting people, and went on to say that the only thing left would be the remorse which

all would feel, “and which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day.” Mr Gladstone in reply said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had lavished compliments upon the rhetorician of the day, and that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation was intended for himself. Mr Disraeli interrupted him with the remark, “I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that.” Mr Disraeli sat down with a subdued and satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment. Mr Gladstone’s face expressed amazement and indignation even more strongly than when he proceeded with his speech and condemned the “sesquipedalian words and inflated language” of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was in a position to watch closely both right hon. gentlemen, and to observe the smile of one and the wrath of the other; for I was standing by the Speaker’s chair, and, looking down

the House, was able to see the countenances of both.

On July 24 her Majesty's Ministers enjoyed a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. Mr Whiteside was in the chair, and by his humorous and happy speeches contributed greatly to the hilarity of the day. The silver spoon, the prize for good conduct in having scored the largest number of divisions, was awarded to me. The wooden spoon went to Sir John Pakington, who had been in the fewest divisions, but who appeared incapable of tolerating a harmless joke. Lord Malmesbury says that Lord Derby proposed Sir John Pakington and the wooden spoons of old England. This may account for Sir John's anger; but that toast was probably only suggested *sotto voce*, and was not given from the chair, and so did not reach my end of the table.

In August I went to Cherbourg to witness the ceremonial at the completion of the

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breakwater and the reception of the Queen by the Emperor and Empress, particulars of which are narrated in the following letter to my mother :—

MORTIMER, *Aug. 8, 1858.*

The rendezvous on Tuesday was at Southampton. Dinner on board the Pera at 8. We sailed about 4.30, reached Cherbourg at 11.15. We went in the afternoon to see the arrival of the Emperor and the inauguration of the railway, the engines blessed by the priests and archbishop with holy water, &c.; returned to our boat to see the Queen arrive about 6, when we had a fine sight of the salute from all the guns of the forts on land, on the breakwater, and from the men-of-war lying in the harbour, which was very grand. In the evening the ships were illuminated, and the Emperor went off in his beautiful barge to pay a visit to H.M. Thursday we chartered a little steamer for our party to move about the harbour and to go to and fro to the shore, from which we were anchored about a mile off. The harbour presented the most beautiful sight, perhaps 250 to 300 vessels of various kinds all draped with flags, besides numbers of small boats. We contributed the greater part of the show, for I daresay there were 70 or 80

English yachts, and they said not more than 2 French. Indeed as a naval display on the part of the French it was eclipsed by our muster of men-of-war, frigates, yachts, and steamers of all kinds. I should say that 3 out of 4 vessels you saw were English. Thursday was spent in various trips about the harbour, in seeing the Emperor and Empress off to meet the Queen at the arsenal and conduct her to a *déjeuner* at the Prefecture. In the afternoon we were in the arsenal (which was closed to the general public while the Emperor and the Queen and the whole party walked about), and we were of course quite close to them and saw them all well. Both the Emperor and the Empress were looking well. The latter has gained flesh since she was in England three years ago, and has retained her beauty. The Prince of Wales was one of the party in his Highland uniform. After leaving the arsenal the Emperor conducted the Queen to her barge, and the English party went off to the royal yacht and we afterwards to the Pera. In the evening the Emperor came on board the Brétagne (his admiral's ship) and entertained the Queen at dinner. The whole fleet was brilliantly illuminated, as was the breakwater for three miles long. There was a grand display of fireworks from the forts and the royal yachts. On Friday morning

we kept hovering about the royal yacht and witnessed the affectionate partings of all the royal personages, the Queen kissing the Emperor again and again; and after seeing the Emperor go on board the *Brétagne* we followed the Queen out to the entrance of the harbour and gave her a parting cheer. We spent the afternoon in the town, and sailed yesterday morning. Some of the party remained behind to witness the letting the water into the basin and to go to the ball, but after a division of about 48 to 30 we carried it to go home. We had altogether about 96 on board,—two Peers, about 85 members of the H. of C., and the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, Speaker's Chaplain, Secretary, &c. We had a splendid ship, and there never was anything more comfortable. I am very glad to have seen Cherbourg: it is a most formidable place, at present only for defence, but when they have the ships and men it must make us tremble for our naval superiority. Old Charley Napier, who was of our party and is a great alarmist, declares it would take 100 men-of-war and 100,000 men to take the place.

In December I was honoured by an invitation to spend two days at Windsor Castle.

I give particulars of my visit in this letter to my wife:—

WINDSOR CASTLE, Dec. 1, 1858.

... At 8 o'clock a page came to my room to usher me into the corridor where were all the household, the gentlemen in Windsor uniform; thence I was passed on to the green drawing-room where were the other guests—Lord and Lady John Russell, Lord Kingsdown, Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lady De la Warr, &c. Lord John Russell came up, very kindly shook hands, and introduced me to Lady John and Lady De la Warr. After a short time the Lord Steward and household preceded the Queen and Prince, and we followed into the dining-room. I took in Miss Bulteel, one of the Maids of Honour. I was just opposite the Queen, who sat with the Duke of Manchester on her right. Dinner was quite as easy as an ordinary dinner-party. The band played, and the thing progressed very pleasantly. As soon as the ice had been handed round, the Queen rose and the ladies retired. We followed soon after. When we returned to the red drawing-room the Queen came round and said something to all the guests—had a long chat with Lord John and a little one with the Judge Advocate. The Prince also came up and

had a short conversation with Lord Kingsdown, Dr Hawtrey, and myself. After a time the Queen moved off and walked into the green drawing-room, where we mustered before dinner. Then the band came in and began to play. The Queen sat down with the ladies, and some of the gentlemen were asked to sit down also. I had a rubber with Sir Charles Phipps and two others. At 11 the Queen rose and retired. That put an end to the rubber, and we followed into the corridor. The Prince asked the Duke of Manchester to shoot with him to - morrow—also Lord John Russell. He sent messages to the same effect to Lord Kingsdown and myself. Then we all retired to our rooms.

*Dec. 2.*—We assembled in the private chapel this morning about 40 in number at 9. The Dean of Windsor read prayers—after that we had breakfast. The day is very wet, and the shooting is put off. . . . At dinner the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord Portman, &c., formed part of the party. The Princess Alice delighted me much. She is very lively, pleasant, pretty, and intelligent-looking.

The Parliament of 1859 was opened on February 3. On the 28th the Chancellor of

the Exchequer introduced the Government Reform Bill. On March 1, Mr Walpole and Mr Henley announced their resignations. It is unnecessary to dwell long on that unhappy bill, which found few friends. Lord John Russell met it with a hostile resolution, objecting to the disfranchisement, as he termed it, of the freeholders holding properties in boroughs. He told us an old story of a Devonshire freeholder, who, on coming to the poll, was asked if he had held his qualification for more than a year, and replied, "More than a year! We have had it since William the Conqueror." Members on both sides objected to the uniformity of franchise in counties and boroughs. Mr Gladstone indulged and surprised the House with an elaborate defence of small boroughs, in a speech which he admitted to be "antiquated," and which certainly would have been very appropriate if it had been made in 1831. He said he concurred in everything

which had been said against the bill. He spoke from the Ministerial side, below the gangway. He voted against Lord John's resolution, and for the second reading, as did Mr Walpole and Mr Henley. The House divided on March 29. The Ayes were 291, Noes 330; majority against the bill, 39.

In April Parliament was dissolved. The new House met on June 7. Lord Hartington moved as an amendment to the Address a vote of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government. Sir James Graham and Mr Sidney Herbert spoke and voted for the amendment. Mr Gladstone went into the lobby with the Government. The House divided: for the amendment 323, against 310; majority against Government 13.

[The following letters belong to this date:—]

*June 7, 1859.*

This is the thick of the crisis. Last night I considered all was up, and I still suspect it is;

but people give us hope to-day. I am sadly grieved also at the victory of Magenta. The Austrians claim a considerable victory subsequently on Sunday, but no details are given; only the French losing one gun and taking three does not look like a decisive result. I shall take that more to heart than the downfall of the Derby Government. Louis Napoleon and the French will be more insolent and overbearing than ever. I am now going to the House. Dizzy is to speak at 8 o'clock, after our mover and seconder and the mover and seconder of their amendment. There is some talk of a division to-night. I think it will be 1852 over again. Their meeting yesterday was very unanimous, but we hope Pam may have done mischief by his very French speech.

*June 8, 1859.*

Our fate hangs in the balance. We had a majority of 13 last night in the House, they say. But 20 men were unsworn—17 on their side, and 3 on ours! It is considered even betting; but I think they will win. Such a state of things is exciting. Our mover, A. F. Egerton, made a very good speech; so did theirs, Lord Hartington. Dizzy spoke out, and punished Graham severely.

We are looking for news from Italy: the French have stopped the working of the telegraph for all private persons.

*June 9, 1859.*

I went to the ball last night. Every sort of rumour was afloat in the ball-room. The King of Italy killed, the Emperor wounded, Canrobert dead! The Queen had a telegram between 11 and 12, during the ball, from Paris, and every one was so curious to know what was in it. Walpole said to Pam in the course of the evening, "Any news?" "Yes," he said, "good news." "What is that?" "The French are in Milan." So there is no doubt, if *our* sympathies are supposed to be Austrian, Pam's are openly pronounced for Napoleon. I think, therefore, we had better go out. We have no power to help our friends while in Government, and in Opposition we need not conceal our sentiments, and we shall raise a hue-and-cry against Palmerston and his French alliance. I am sick of talking about the division. Gladstone is to crown his inconsistencies by voting with us and joining the new Government! We must oppose him at Oxford. He is a most intolerable man. An audience to-morrow to take leave of my gracious Sovereign.

Lord Derby at once resigned, and Lord Palmerston again became Prime Minister. Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary. The Cabinet included Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert; John Bright and Richard Cobden were left out in the cold. Throughout the debate on the Address, stress was laid on the failure of the Government to prevent the war which had already commenced between France, Sardinia, and Austria. Magenta had been fought on June 7, and apprehensions were entertained as to the outbreak of a general European war. Lord Malmesbury has recorded his opinion that the Government would not have been defeated if Mr Disraeli had previously laid on the table the Blue Books containing the Italian and French correspondence with our Foreign Office. This may have been so. There can be no doubt that Lord Malmesbury's policy and his ability were indicated by his own despatches. But nothing could

have saved the Government long. There was a majority, although a small one, upon the whole return against the Government; and the more dignified course for the Government, and the more satisfactory for the Queen and the country, was that the trial of strength should take place as soon as possible, and that a new Administration should be formed under a Prime Minister who enjoyed the confidence of the country. Lord Palmerston possessed, to a remarkable extent, the power of conciliating opponents as well as of retaining friends, and it is a singular fact, as illustrating the extent of his personal influence, that he came into power with a majority in his favour of 13; that the result of the election petitions was to strike off on the balance 8 members from the Ministerial side (making a difference on a division of 16 votes), and that nevertheless he retained power until his death in 1865, and handed on a majority in a new Parliament to Lord Russell, who succeeded him.



## VIII.

IN THE HOUSE, 1860-1865



## VIII.

## IN THE HOUSE, 1860-1865.

A “DAMNABLE DINING PARLIAMENT”—LORD JOHN RUSSELL’S REFORM BILL—THE VOLUNTEERS—THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA—MR DISRAELI’S PRESCIENCE—A VISIT TO PARIS, 1862.

I do not propose to follow in any detail the proceedings of Parliament from 1860 to 1865. A Right Honourable friend of mine, who was more fond of making speeches than the House was of listening to them, described it as a “damnable dining Parliament”; and so it was. Bores were not encouraged; count-outs were frequent. I had the pleasure of finding full employment for many weeks in each session as chairman of Election Committees and of

Committees on Private Bills,—work which I always found congenial to my taste, and which brought me into association with members in all quarters of the House, and so encouraged and kept up that feeling of fraternity which prevailed among us.

The Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1860 proposed to repeal the paper duty, while it doubled the income-tax. The bill for repeal of paper duty obtained a majority in the Commons of 53 on second reading, but of 9 only on third reading. In the Lords the bill was rejected by a majority of 89—Contents 104, Non-Contents 193—after an admirable speech by Lord Lyndhurst. There was much debate and discussion in the Commons about what Mr Gladstone characterised as a “gigantic innovation”; but “action” was not taken by Lord Palmerston, and the matter rested for the year.

The Reform Bill of 1860 was introduced on March 1—"not a bad day," as Lord John drily observed—the anniversary of the same day on which the famous Act of 1832 first saw the light. But the House at large showed little interest in the subject. The "steam was not on," and the noble lord appeared for that night in the character of "Languid Johnuy" rather than of "Glorious John." Mr Disraeli said it was a very bad bill. He knew only two members who approved it—Lord John and Mr Bright. The second reading was moved on March 19. The debate was prolonged and inanimate, and adjourned over and over again; and the question was not put from the Chair until May 3, when the bill was read a second time without a division. June 4 was fixed for Committee, and on June 7 a motion for adjournment was made, when the Government obtained a majority of 21

only — for adjournment 248, against 269. On June 11 Lord John Russell withdrew the bill.

Lord John Russell must have been mortified at the treatment which the bill experienced at the hands of the Government and the new House of Commons. It was not so much the hostility which it encountered as the languid indifference with which it was met, the scurvy treatment which it received, and the humiliation to which it was exposed. Over and over again efforts were made to count the House out. A dreary debate in a listless House was interrupted by some one calling attention to the fact that forty members were not present. The bell rang. At once the lobby became lively. Absentees rushed from the dining-room. “Only a count!” was the cry. Government Whips did their best to coax or coerce the Ministerialists to return. Some enjoyed the fun and remained out-

side. Some went so far as to obstruct the access to the door with a view of preventing members going in. Such proceedings were unusual and most discreditable, and more so as both sides were equally committed to some extension of the franchise and alteration of the Act of 1832. It remained for Mr Gladstone to rouse the popular feelings by his “flesh and blood” and “capable citizen” arguments with which we became so familiar later; and it was seven years later before Lord John Russell could see his work done by other hands, and the principle of rating, to which Mr Disraeli gave some prominence in his speech in 1859, established as the basis of an extended suffrage, and the second Reform Act placed among the statutes of the realm as the work of a Tory Government.

The Volunteer movement was but beginning in 1860, but to those who have witnessed in 1900 the success of the idea then

initiated, the following letter may be of interest :—

*June 26, 1860.*

We had a most successful day on Saturday, a capital place close behind the Queen's carriage. It certainly was one of the most interesting and cheering sights which I have witnessed. The proficiency of the Volunteers quite astonished the military critics, who came to scoff but remained to praise. The Queen was very animated, and stood the whole time, and the Prince of Wales and Princess Alice also seemed full of animation. Some of the London regiments, Lord Elcho's (Royal Scottish), the Inns of Court, Lord Grosvenor's, and Lord Ranelagh's, were wonderful, and the Duke of Manchester's cavalry were very fine fellows. I was very glad to see the old King of the Belgians, quite an historic personage and a representative of all the allied sovereigns and the glorious successes of 1814 and 1815. Old Lord Combermere, nearly ninety, but in full armour, and on horseback (the horse although led still moving at a good pace), was a fit representative of the old Duke's heroes, of whom he is one of the very few survivors. The Duke of Wellington,

as grey, and looking really as old, as his father, some twenty years since, riding at the head of the Royal Victoria Rifles, who alone represent in unbroken succession a regiment reviewed by George III. in 1803, was another suggestive personage.

In 1861-62 the English Parliament, although watching with the utmost anxiety the great conflict between the Northern and Southern States in America, happily abstained from taking any steps to interfere with the neutrality which the Government had determined to observe. I attribute this judicious forbearance to the wisdom and prescience of Mr Disraeli. From the first he had realised the magnitude of the struggle. His language was always the same, in public and in private: "This is a great nation; it is not going to be broken up." The tone of society and of the House at that day was, speaking generally, in favour of the South, and the Emperor of the French was

believed to be ready to recognise them. A strong expression of opinion in the House of Commons to that effect, supported by the leader of the Opposition, might have had an influence on Lord Palmerston's Government. Lord John Russell had declared the struggle to be for empire on the one side and independence on the other. Mr Gladstone had said that Jefferson Davis had created an army and a navy, and had created a nation. Others, irresponsible people, on the Liberal side, had talked of the bubble having burst. But Mr Disraeli kept his own counsel, and did not encourage any action on the part of his friends. The recognition of the South would not probably have altered the ultimate issue, or prolonged the contest greatly; but it would have embittered the relations between this country and our brethren in the great republic on the other side of the Atlantic, and would have prevented the growth of that cordial

understanding now so happily prevailing, and, I hope, permanently established, between the United States and the United Kingdom, which promises such great results in time to come. I had some means of knowing Mr Disraeli's views, for he was staying with Lady Londonderry at Seaham in the autumn of 1861, between the first Federal rout at Bull Run and the Mason and Slidell affair. I was one of the party there. The Civil War in America was the subject of daily discussion, and many an attempt was made to obtain Mr Disraeli's opinion. On one occasion I recollect a question being put, which he answered in these playful words, "I can only reply in the words of Lord Palmerston to a question put by Lady —, 'I cannot see farther than my nose, and that is a very small one.'"

[The party had gathered at Seaham for the inauguration of an equestrian statue

of the Marquis of Londonderry erected at Durham.

SEAHAM, *Monday, Dec. 2 [?], 1861.*

We have had a most successful day. We started about 10.45, Lady Londonderry and Mr and Mrs Disraeli in the carriage. Lord Adolphus Vane and Lady Susan, General Wood, Mr V. Stewart, and myself in an omnibus, and another omnibus followed with others of the party. We reached Durham soon after 12, and the statue was unveiled and presented to the city by the Duke of Cleveland. Adolphus made an excellent speech on his mother's behalf; we waited about till luncheon time, and I showed Mr and Mrs Disraeli some of the lions. The ladies left at 1.50, and we had luncheon in the Town Hall at 2. We sat down more than 300, and all went off capitally. Adolphus got through all his work very well, and Dizzy made an admirable speech. Of course the M.P. for the city had to speak, but it was so late that I cut it rather short. We left about 5.30, and came back here to dinner. To-morrow Lord Adolphus and Lady Susan, and the Disraelis and myself, are going to Brancepeth. They stay at Aykley Heads, I at Oswald House, and the Disraelis come back to Seaham. Lady Londonderry is most kind to me, and wants

me to come back from Saturday till Tuesday to meet the new Bishop (Baring). They have been extremely anxious to give Dizzy a dinner at Sunderland, but he has declined it. We had a long walk yesterday—the Disraelis, General Wood, Stewart, and myself—for nearly three hours after luncheon; then Lady Londonderry and some of us went to church at 6, and dined at 8.15.

*Dec. 12.*

You will see a report of my speech at the luncheon in the ‘Durham Advertiser.’ I was better reported in the Radical paper than the Tory one. I went to Seaham on Monday for the night. We had a very pleasant party there. The Disraelis remained until Tuesday. We had also the Bishop and Mrs Baring, Mr Milbanke and Lady Augusta, Mr Villiers, a son of the late Bishop, and Lady Victoria Villiers. I took Lady Victoria in to dinner, and had Mrs Disraeli on the other side—rather amusing by way of political contrast. We had a rubber, and I won some money off the Marchioness and Dizzy.]

While I was abroad in the autumn of 1862, I had the opportunity while passing

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through Paris of seeing the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Imperial, then six years old, together. I may be permitted to quote from a letter to my mother on that occasion :—

PARIS, 23rd August 1862.

On Thursday I was off by a special train to Chalons, and was so lucky. There were only three carriages, all first-class, not half full. I found myself the fourth in a carriage, with an old man over sixty, as he looked, a young man about twenty-one, and an intermediate man : they might have passed for grandfather, father, and son, but that No. 2 did not seem quite so free and familiar. After a time the young man talked English like a native. I found that he had visited the International Exhibition, and been everywhere, and that he was somebody. Then the old man talked to me about some members of the House, &c., and I found I was among the Imperial family, and suspected that my friends were, as they proved to be, Prince Murat (the only son of the King of Naples, and first cousin of the Emperor), and, I suppose, his son. The Emperor's carriage met them at the terminus, and we parted. I had a brilliant

day, an unclouded sky, bright, hot, scorching, dusty. Our train was punctual. I had to traverse the whole camp right athwart to reach the racecourse, the immediate object of attraction. It was a fast walk of forty-five minutes. At one o'clock came the Imperial family, my friend of the railway-train in the post of honour on the Emperor's right. There were six races such as we have in England. I got a capital place, went everywhere, and saw everything. The Emperor looks very well: he is getting fat, but he looks better than he did at Cherbourg four years ago. The Prince Imperial is a nice little boy, like his mother in complexion, but not otherwise like either parent. He was in full uniform with a cocked hat! The Emperor seems so fond of him. After the races I had more than four hours to go about the camp. I suppose there were about 30,000 men there; and the Emperor with the Prince Imperial is spending a week amongst the soldiers. The place was awfully crowded, every vehicle of every kind in requisition to bring all the country people and multitudes from Paris, Rheims, Chalons, &c. We got back all safe about 1.10. The line was necessarily very full, but things were shunted to let us pass. Eating and drinking were the

great difficulty of the day, and I was not sorry about 10 o'clock at Epernay station to find champagne sold by the glass at the refreshment-room.

[Devoted in his love to Oxford, my father never allowed a year to pass without visiting his university, and in 1863 he was present at the dinner in Ch. Ch. Hall to the Prince and Princess of Wales.]

*June 17, 1863.*

I had a very pleasant visit to Ch. Ch. It rained terribly: nothing could have been worse than the weather. I am glad the Princess will see it under brighter auspices to-day. Lord Derby made a beautiful Latin speech in the theatre, and the gathering there was very brilliant; but to an old man, who can look back twenty-nine years, there is no gathering like that of the Great Duke and all his illustrious comrades in 1834. The banquet in Ch. Ch. certainly exceeded anything ever given before. The Hall has been recently decorated and lighted with gas, and the addition of ladies made it more brilliant. The Princess looks most beautiful of an evening, and seemed to enjoy it. The high table was full of royalty,

dukes, duchesses, and archbishops. I had a capital place among barons, bishops, and right honourables lower down in the Hall, and I had a capital set of rooms in Peckwater, so I did very well.

[In 1864 a question arose of a possible change of seats at the impending general election of 1865,—the City seat to be given up in order to contest the Northern Division of the County of Durham; but, much to his own satisfaction and that of his supporters in the City, the idea was abandoned, and he was returned again for his old seat.]

During the session of 1865 all our thoughts were concentrated on the dissolution of the longest Parliament of the reign, and the great struggle which both sides were making to obtain a majority in the next Parliament. Independently of the University contest, of which I make a special mention hereafter, I was actively engaged in

our Berkshire contest, where we succeeded in carrying the whole county, winning two seats and returning three Conservative members. Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire followed our example, so that the three counties constituting the one diocese of Oxford sent up what Mr Disraeli called our nine Diocesan Members.

IX.

MR GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT AT OXFORD,

1865



## IX.

### MR GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT AT OXFORD, 1865.

ATTITUDE OF NEUTRALITY CHANGED TO DETERMINATION TO OPPOSE  
—COMMITTEES FORMED—MR GATHORNE HARDY—BISHOP WILBER-  
FORCE—MR HARDY'S MAJORITY.

THE year 1865 brings me to an event, in itself of great political moment, with which my thoughts and a great deal of my time had been occupied for over twelve months. In his representation of the University of Oxford, in Parliament, Mr Gladstone was seldom without opposition. The old Protectionists brought their candidates to the poll against him in 1847 and 1852. I was an active member of his committee on both those occasions. In 1853 I did not vote.

[He expressed his views, however, in a letter :—

*Jan. 20, 1853.*

I suppose by this time the weary Oxford election is over. I hope Gladstone's majority will be under 100 ; the seat is his, but the victory is G. Denison's. I think every one feels, and I suppose Gladstone will resign at the next general election unless he does something in the interval to kindle some enthusiasm in his behalf.

The actual majority was 124, the votes given being for Mr Gladstone 1022, for Mr Dudley Perceval, the candidate proposed by Archdeacon Denison, 898. The poll remained open 15 days, from the 4th to the 20th of January.]

Many, like myself, between ceasing to be among his supporters and actively opposing him by their votes, took up an attitude of neutrality for a time. But from the moment of his entering the Palmerston Government, in 1859, a quiet but determined resolution

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filled the minds of many of us, both in Oxford and among old Oxonians in London, to turn Mr Gladstone out. The several assaults upon his seat had been singularly unsuccessful. That in 1853 was made by a candidate quite unknown in public life, and it failed completely. In 1858 Mr Gladstone had accepted office under Lord Derby, as Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles. The writ for his re-election had been moved by the Tory Whip, and Mr Gladstone took his seat on the Ministerial side, without opposition, on the 8th of March. Three months later another writ was moved—this time by the Liberal Whip—on his becoming Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer. On this occasion he was opposed by Lord Chandos, but Lord Chandos was not a candidate sufficiently strong to oust Mr Gladstone, and he was beaten by a majority of 190, the numbers being for Mr Gladstone 1050,

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for Lord Chandos 860. I voted for Lord Chandos. Instead of being, as might have been expected from his past career, the most Conservative element in the new Government, Mr Gladstone, it became evident, was the most advanced. His action in the House and his speeches out of doors showed that; and it was resolved to form a strong committee and to select a really strong candidate, in the conviction that if the constituency could be completely polled, it would be found that Mr Gladstone no longer was the real representative of the University of Oxford. This confidence was justified by the election of 1865.

The story of that election has never been fully told, and now that Lord Beauchamp (then the Hon. Fred. Lygon), Judge Cooke, and Professor Wall are dead, few, if any, save myself, among the active agents, are left to tell it. The first man we thought of as a candidate was Sotheron Estcourt,

a son of Mr Bucknall Estcourt, who had been member for the University of Oxford from 1826 to 1847, and whom, indeed, Mr Gladstone had succeeded in the latter year. Mr Sotheron Estcourt, however, would not sever the close attachment that existed between him and his constituency in North Wilts. The next names that suggested themselves to us were Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr Gathorne Hardy. Sir Stafford, however, was not to be persuaded to stand, in view of his previous relations as private secretary with Mr Gladstone. We met with very little encouragement from Mr Hardy. In June 1864 a meeting was held in London to discuss the Oxford seat. I was in the chair, and there was present a large gathering of members of the University, from Oxford and from the House of Commons. A resolution was moved and unanimously carried that Mr Gladstone should be op-

posed. No candidate was selected at that meeting, but there was a general hope and expectation that such pressure would be put upon Mr Hardy as would induce him in time to give his consent to stand.

Accordingly, a declaration, signed by over 150 members of Convocation, expressing their intention to support Mr Hardy as a candidate for the University in opposition to Mr Gladstone, was widely circulated throughout the autumn and winter. Communications, it may be interesting to recall, were to be addressed to any of the following: at Oxford, to the Rev. Dr Winter, the President of St John's; the Rev. R. Michell, afterwards Principal of Hertford College; the Rev. Professor Wall, Balliol; the Rev. Professor Mansel, St John's; the Rev. T. H. Sheppard, Exeter; the Rev. E. T. Turner, Brasenose; Rev. George Petch, Trinity; and the Rev. H. R. Bramley, Mag-

dalen. And at 42 Wimpole Street, W., to the London Committee, of which I was the chairman, Ward Hunt, M.P., and Stephen Cave, M.P., were vice-chairmen, and Hon. Wm. Brodrick, now Viscount Midleton (Balliol), J. G. Darby (Ch. Ch.), A. Staveley Hill, D.C.L. (St John's), and Granville R. Ryder (Ch. Ch.), members. Several hundreds of names were added to this declaration; but when Parliament met in 1865 Mr Hardy still declined to allow his name to be mentioned as a candidate. After Easter, committee rooms were engaged in Great George Street, Westminster, where we worked hard daily up to the conclusion of the poll.

We had now reason to hope that Mr Hardy would not be unwilling to sit if he were elected. But he had not in any real sense declared himself a candidate. He still was a candidate for Leominster, for which, as a matter of fact, he was re-elected

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after a contest as well as for the University. His exact position may best be described in his own words:—

HOUSE OF COMMONS, *May 24, 1865.*

MY DEAR MOWBRAY,—There seems to be some misapprehension as to my position in regard to the Oxford University election. It has been, and is, an embarrassing one from the peculiar circumstances of the case. I have never been a candidate for the University, and am not so now. I have always felt that a constituency such as that should select its member without intervention on his part, and whoever may be chosen must be at their disposal. My name has been used by the Committee, of which you are chairman, without interference on my part, and I accept the consequences, whatever they may be. It would be unjust and ungenerous to those who have made such disinterested exertions on my behalf were I to withdraw my name now; but, so far as positive action on my own part is concerned, it must be directed to my re-election at Leominster. If the University seat should eventually be offered to me, I could not, of course, hesitate one moment as to its acceptance.

No other constituency can confer so great an honour, and I at least should never undervalue the distinction.—Believe me, yours very truly,  
GATHORNE HARDY.

Incredulity as to our success was general, in the House and in the country. Mr Gladstone's seat had been assailed so often in vain, that it had come to be taken for granted that it was impregnable. We, on the other hand, were confident of victory, else we should not have pushed matters so far. Nothing was further from our thoughts than a merely worrying opposition. With that we should have had nothing to do, although by most people it was assumed, I think, that we had nothing more to hope for. But every week had brought us the names of men who previously had been Gladstonians, and of recruits among the younger members of the University. We were confident of winning, therefore, and said so; but the figures upon which that

confidence was based were kept a profound secret. They were known to four men only —two in London (of whom I was one) and two in Oxford. As time went on the greatest interest began to be shown in endeavouring to ascertain the number of promises on either side, but we were never to be drawn by the fishing questions with which we were pressed. I found that our figures were always underestimated. Before going down to meet my own constituents at Durham, where I was returned unopposed on July 11, I showed our figures to Mr Disraeli, who was surprised and gratified exceedingly. He had shared in the general incredulity. Our estimate showed a majority of 180 for Mr Hardy, and the poll corroborated it exactly.

The chairman of Mr Hardy's Oxford Committee was Archdeacon Clerke, which led Bishop Wilberforce to say of the opposition, "They plough with my heifer."

Thereupon Dean Mansel wrote the following witty lines :—

“ When the versatile Bishop of Oxford’s famed city  
Cast his eyes on the chairman of Hardy’s Committee,  
Said Samuel, from Samson the metaphor taken,—  
‘ They plough with my heifer, that is, my Arch-  
deacon.’  
But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the  
lurch  
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,  
It proves without doubt—and the spectacle shocks  
one—  
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxon.”

The poll opened on Thursday the 13th July, and lasted until the 18th, the intervening Sunday excepted. On the first day of the poll, about 5 P.M., the Bishop of Oxford came into the theatre booted and spurred, about to ride to Cuddesden Palace. The Vice-Chancellor leant forward, and in a low voice said, “ You must vote in your academicals, you know.” This occasioned a little merriment; and on the Bishop’s return

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Mr Granville Somerset, who was acting as a kind of legal adviser for Mr Hardy, called his lordship's attention to the resolution of the House of Commons that no Peer should take part in the election of a member of the Commons' House, and asked him if he had considered it. He said he had. Sir Robert Phillimore, who appeared for Mr Gladstone, asked if it was not held that that resolution did not apply to elections by members of Convocation. The Bishop smiled, but did not commit himself to any answer, and immediately said, "Samuel Wilberforce, Oriel; I vote for Mr Gladstone," and the vote was recorded. Some years afterwards there was an election during a session of Parliament for a member of the University of Cambridge, and the names of two bishops appeared on the committee of one of the candidates. A question was asked about it in the House of Commons, and both names were withdrawn. I called the attention of

the Bishop of Oxford to this incident, and said that the prelates of the sister university had followed a bad example set them at Oxford in 1865. The Bishop, with his usual readiness, replied, "Not at all. The cases are not the same. When I voted there was no Parliament and no Resolution in existence, and I never thought any future House of Commons would be so foolish as to pass such a Resolution."

The next day, the 14th, Dr Jacobson, Regius Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Chester, chairman of Mr Gladstone's committee, came to me and said that five Peers had recorded their votes for Mr Gladstone, and proposed that we should poll the same number, when after that no more Peers should vote. I thanked him very cordially, and replied that I was infinitely obliged, but I was quite aware of the fact. They had brought Church and State to bear against us, the bishop of the diocese voting

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in person, and the stepson of the Prime Minister, Earl Cowper, sending in his voting-paper on the first day. But, I added, all these votes were illegal, and in the event of a scrutiny would be struck off; and, besides, I was confident of winning, and should only do so by legal votes, and that, as far as I was concerned, no Peers would vote, though there were some who wished to do so.

The voting went on steadily for five days. The majority mounted up gradually from 34 on the first day to 70 on the second. On the third, the 15th, a large influx of Gladstonians appeared, and by mid-day our majority was gone for a time. But I had a reserve of voting-papers in Oxford, which I at once induced those members of Convocation who held them to put in, and so Mr Hardy was left on the Saturday night with a majority of 100. On Tuesday the poll

closed, and the return showed a majority for us of 180—

Hardy	.	.	.	.	.	1904
Gladstone	.	.	.	.	.	1724

—being just the majority of 180 shown by the estimate which I had placed in the hands of Mr Disraeli.



X.

THE GREAT FIGURES OF THE  
PALMERSTON PERIOD



X.

THE GREAT FIGURES OF THE PALMERSTON  
PERIOD.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL—LORD PALMERSTON—SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL  
LEWIS—SIR E. BULWER - LYTTON—GENERAL PEEL—SIR JAMES  
GRAHAM—COBDEN AND BRIGHT—DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

AT this point, where I near the close, in the death of Lord Palmerston, of a great parliamentary period, I would add a word respecting the great leaders and prominent members in it with whom I was in contact, leaving for the future any comments about Mr Disraeli Mr Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr Hardy, and others.

Lord John Russell deserves most honourable mention as a Leader of the House.

There was a calm and statesmanlike demeanour which commanded respect, and his reply in summing up the arguments after a long debate was a masterly performance. From his earliest days he had accepted the tradition that the universe was made for the Whigs. Mr Disraeli well said that the character of Lord John Russell was a proud possession of the House of Commons. Lord Lytton said of him with some exaggeration—

“How form’d to lead, if not too proud to please,  
His fame will fire you, but his manners freeze.”

My experience was the reverse. He was most courteous and accessible in the House. I have mentioned a little incident which occurred when I met him at Windsor in 1858. I much appreciated his ready and cordial greeting and his kindly manner, the more remarkable as coming from one who was neither a political leader nor a

personal friend. I always found him the same.

Of Lord Palmerston it is superfluous to speak. He was naturally joyous, genial, and obliging. There was no *hauteur* in his manner to a young member who wanted to approach him. He led the House with signal success, except during the short period from May 1857 to March 1858, when he seemed somewhat intoxicated with his popularity after the China Dissolution. From 1859 to 1865 he was supreme and unquestioned. He was a ready debater, but not a great speaker. He rose to the occasion most when he had to repel the personal attacks made upon him as Foreign Secretary in 1850, when he spoke from sunset to sunrise. He knew his audience, and he knew how to conciliate it. But I do not think he made a single great speech in the ten years of his ascendancy from 1855 to 1865.

Other well-known figures arise before me while dwelling on these reminiscences. There was no one for whom I had a greater admiration than Sir George Cornewall Lewis, no one for whose memory I have a profounder respect. His was the very highest class of intellect. He was always informed to the full on every subject on which he spoke. Wise, thoughtful, and judicious, his speeches, which I listened to with unfailing attention, were full of matter and cogent argument. There have been smarter debaters and more brilliant rhetoricians in our generation; but to my mind he was as able and sound a statesman as any who have served the Queen during her long reign. Had he lived, and had the nation ever come to appreciate his high qualities and his consummate judgment, he must have exercised a great and moderating influence on the Liberal party, in spite of Mr Gladstone's predominance in it. And he might have

filled a place in the estimation of the public which had been left vacant since the death of Sir Robert Peel. No man certainly more entirely deserved the compliment which Mr Gladstone paid him when he described him as

“*justissimus unus  
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.*”

When the news arrived of his death one day after an Easter recess, the House adjourned as a mark of respect. Cardwell remarked to me at the time: “Ah, well, he wouldn’t take any exercise. He used to say, ‘I’ve heard of many men dying of hard riding, but never any of hard reading.’”

Another notable figure in the House was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who, if he had gone into official life earlier, would assuredly have taken a great place as an administrator as well as a debater. Disraeli, the shrewdest of judges, had a high opinion of his political

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talents, and it was acknowledged by all that he developed great capacity for public life during his short tenure, without any previous experience, of the post of Secretary of State. When he went to the Colonial Office he at once impressed the permanent officials. I asked Herman Merivale, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, a remarkable man himself and a severe critic, how he liked his new chief. His eyes brightened, and he replied in tones of enlightened admiration, “Oh, he is a splendid fellow !”

There are many others on both sides not to be forgotten. General Peel, with whom I was brought into close contact in 1858, and again in 1866, when he was War Minister and I was Judge Advocate, was intellectually not far behind his illustrious brother the great Prime Minister (as I have heard Lord Derby say), vigorous alike in mind and body, with a ready smile and a joyous laugh. I shall never forget a short speech which he

made in 1864, when Denmark was beset with her foes, and the House felt rather ashamed that we kept aloof. He sat down, exclaiming, “We are rebuked of our neighbours, we are laughed to scorn and had in derision of them that are round about us,” and never did I hear more uproarious cheers greet the peroration of any brilliant orator. Again, there were Sir James Graham—so nearly first-class that none understood why he did not occupy that position—of a commanding presence, a successful administrator, and a powerful debater; Sir George Grey and Mr Sidney Herbert—statesmen of the highest integrity, and as much beloved in private life as they were honoured as most capable public servants; Mr Walpole, who seemed to have inherited much of the stately dignity and the classic style which adorned the oratory of the eighteenth century; Mr Henley, supreme at Quarter Sessions, placed at the Board of Trade, and

making his mark there at once, the most acute critic of the language of any bill in Committee that any draftsman ever had to dread; Sir John Pakington, and Colonel Wilson Patten.

I need not dwell on the unadorned eloquence of Mr Cobden or the magnificent utterances of Mr Bright. The speeches of the latter, notably two during the Crimean war, in December 1854 and January 1855, have left a profound impression on me as the grandest I ever heard in Parliament. And already there are strong indications that the verdict of posterity on the policy which those statesmen maintained with so much pluck and upheld with such perseverance in 1854 and 1855, will not be the same as their contemporaries expressed with so much passion at the polls in 1857.

On July 6, 1865, Parliament was dissolved. The writs were returnable in August, on the 15th of which month the new Parliament



SPEAKER DENISON.



was prorogued till November 1. Lord Palmerston died in October, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on Friday, October 27. There were points of contrast and points of resemblance between that funeral and the funeral of Mr Gladstone in May 1898. Mr Gladstone died in the midst of a session. There was a resolution that the House should attend, and we walked in procession, with the Speaker at our head, to the Abbey. In 1865 we were a new Parliament—gathered together I know not how—in a time of prorogation. We had never looked one another in the face, we had no Speaker, we had not taken our oaths or seats : Mr Denison was there, the Speaker of the Parliament of 1859, but then only a member of Parliament and a Privy Councillor. We occupied the South Transept, as we did in 1898, and the place of sepulture was also in the North Transept, where so many illustrious statesmen of whom England is proud repose. It

was an impressive scene. All deplored the loss which the country had sustained, and every individual had a kindly feeling for the memory of one who was so well known and so universally beloved.

XI.

IN THE HOUSE, 1866-1874



## XI.

## IN THE HOUSE, 1866-1874.

MR GLADSTONE'S REFORM BILL—GLADSTONE AND LOWE ON THE TROJAN HORSE—REDISTRIBUTION BILL—LORD DERBY'S GOVERNMENT—1858 AND 1866 COMPARED—REFORM BILL OF 1867—M.P. FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY—LORD SALISBURY'S INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY—THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

THE Parliament which had gathered over the grave of Lord Palmerston met first for despatch of business on February 1, 1866. For the first time since the Prince Consort's death, the Queen opened it in person. I find the following account in a letter of February 7, 1866 :—

It was a real comfort to see London itself again yesterday, Life Guards moving about, and all astir

to see the Queen as in former days. I managed to see her fairly well at intervals in the House of Lords ; but I did not hear one word of the Speech which was read by the Lord Chancellor. It was a regular scramble getting in. The Speaker got his robes entangled in the crowd ; Gladstone was altogether jostled out of his place, and never got into the House of Lords at all. Hardy was carried in against his will, and rather bruised besides. The Queen looked remarkably well. We had rather a damaging night for the Government in both Houses, although they had nothing but Cattle Plague. I suppose we shall have a succession of squalls, and many people think they will break up ; but it is rather too early yet, with a new House of Commons, to form any idea as to the turn things will take.

The change of situation was striking in both Houses. Earl Russell appeared as peer-Premier (a combination familiar enough to those who had been led by Earl Grey and Viscount Melbourne, although now abhorrent to the modern democracy of Mr Labouchere) : not the glorious John of 1831, speak-

ing as the champion of a nation and casting scorn on the “whispers of a faction,” but a subdued and attenuated presentment of his former self; confronted on the Opposition bench by his old colleague, then Mr Stanley, now Lord Derby—still the Rupert of debate, with the fun and mischief of “all Eton in the boy,” and all the fire and animation of the gladiator who had encountered and worsted the great O’Connell. In the Lower House the placid and serene atmosphere inspired by the genial Palmerston had passed away, and the new Leader appeared transformed and “unmuzzled.”

Mr Gladstone introduced his Reform Bill on March 12, and the debates on the measure were enlivened by the Homeric combats between Mr Gladstone and Mr Lowe on the Trojan horse. Mr Gladstone said, on March 12—

We cannot look, and we hope no man will look, upon it as upon some Trojan horse approaching

the walls of the Sacred City, and filled with armed men bent upon ruin, plunder, and collapse. We cannot join in comparing it with that *monstrum infelix*,—we cannot say—

“Scandit fatalis machina muros,  
Fœta armis : mediæque minans illabitur urbi.”

Lowe (13th March) said that Gladstone, not finding in his large classical *répertoire* any quotation that would exactly describe the state of perfect bliss to which his bill would introduce us, was induced to take the exact contrary and make a quotation to show us what his bill was not.

“Scandit fatalis machina muros,  
Fœta armis,”

he exclaimed ; and “that,” he added, “is *not* my bill.” Well, that was not a very apt quotation, but there was a curious felicity about it, which he little dreams of. This is the fifth Reform Bill which has been brought in since 1851. Now, just attend to the sequel of the passage quoted by the right hon. gentleman. I am no believer in Sortes

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Virgilianæ, and the House will see why in a moment.

“O Divum domus Ilium, et inclyta bello  
Moenia Dardanidum ! quater ipso in limine portæ  
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.”<sup>1</sup>

But that is not all—

“Instamus tamen immemores, cæcique furore  
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.”<sup>1</sup>

On the second reading of the bill, on April 12, Mr Gladstone returned to the charge on his Trojan horse, and, after quoting again Mr Lowe’s quotation, accused him of denouncing the whole working-class community by calling them a “monstrum infelix,” an ill-starred monster.

<sup>1</sup> Conington translates these lines :—

“So climbs our wall that shape of doom  
With hattle quickening in its womb ; . . .  
It comes, and glancing terror down  
Sweeps through the bosom of the towu.  
O Ilium, city of my love !  
O warlike home of powers above !  
Four times ’twas on the threshold stayed,  
Four times the armour clashed and brayed ;  
Yet on we press with passion blind,  
All forethought blotted from our mind,  
Till the dread monster we instal  
Withiu the temple’s tower-built wall.”

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Mr Lowe, not to be outdone, replied once more—

There is happily one common ground left to me and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that is the Second Book of the *Æneid* of Virgil. My right hon. friend, like the moth which has singed its wings in the candle, has returned again to the poor old Trojan horse, and I shall, with the permission of the House, give them one more excerpt from the history of that noble beast, first promising that I shall then turn him out to grass. The passage contains a description not only of the invading army of which we have heard so much, but also a slight sketch of its general—

“Arduus armatos mediis in mœnibus adstans  
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet  
Insultans: portis alli bipatentibus adsunt,  
Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.”<sup>1</sup>

The attitude of Mr Gladstone to the House of Commons at this time was, to say the

<sup>1</sup> In other words—

“The fatal horse pours forth the human tide,  
Insulting Sinon flings his firebrands wide,  
The gates are burst, the ancient rampart falls,  
And swarming millions climb its crumbling walls.”

least, not conciliatory, and the term “insulting Sinon” was generally accepted as a personal allusion to the leader of the House, the general of the invading army. But, as luck would have it, there was in the House at the time a Mr Synan, the member for Limerick County, and to his name, through no fault of his own, became attached the opprobrious epithet.

The second reading of the bill was carried on the 27th April by the narrow majority of 5 (318 to 313), the Government having promised, before going into Committee, to lay their scheme for redistribution before the House.

The question of the extension of the franchise was only a part of the great subject of parliamentary reform with which the other and not less important question of the redistribution of seats has always been associated. It was so in the great Reform Act of 1832; in the various bills introduced, by Lord

John Russell in 1852, by Lord Aberdeen in 1854, by Lord Derby in 1859, by Lord Palmerston in 1860, and again in 1884, when the latest extension of the franchise was granted.

Mr Gladstone accordingly introduced his Redistribution Bill on May 7, and the struggle on the two bills continued during May and June, until the Government was beaten on June 18 by a majority of 11, or 315 to 304, on Lord Dunkellin's amendment to substitute rating for rental.

On the following day Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone announced that in consequence of the vote the Government had communicated with the Queen at Balmoral, and that Parliament would be adjourned till the following Monday, June 25; and on June 26 they announced that the Government had resigned, and that the Queen had accepted their resignation.

After negotiations with the Adullamites

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and some of the Whigs, Lord Derby formed an entirely Conservative administration ; and on July 3 I received from him the following letter :—

I have had much pleasure in submitting to the Queen your appointment to your former office of Judge-Advocate, of which her Majesty has been pleased to signify her approval.—Yours faithfully,  
DERBY.

On July 6 we went to Windsor ; but the ceremony of swearing in was sadly changed from the bright scene of April 6, 1858. Then the Sovereign held her Council in a grand room, seated at the head of the table, with all her councillors on either side : now we were received in a small ante-room with one window—the Queen standing with her back to it, the Prince of Wales on her right, and three councillors to make a quorum. Each individual came in for a moment, knelt down and kissed the hand of his Sovereign, then backed out with all possible speed.

On July 7 I issued my address, and on Wednesday, July 11, I was re-elected for the sixth time without any opposition. My supporters at Durham were anxious to express their confidence in Lord Derby's Government and their satisfaction in my reappointment, and made arrangements for a great dinner in my honour, which took place on January 15, 1867. It is described in a letter to my mother:—

*Jan. 16, 1867.*

I know you will rejoice to hear that all went off as well as possible. Such snow I never saw in my life, yet not more than twenty people (if so many) fell off. I believe we dined exactly 239 (250 being laid for). People came from all parts of the county. Two or three carriages with four horses from Sunderland. The Duke of Marlborough made an excellent speech.

[I can find no letters or notes on the remainder of the session, except the following account of the new Judge Advocate's first

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interview with the Queen at Osborne, and his first visit to Balmoral :—]

*Aug. 6, 1866.*

I had a very pleasant day at Osborne, and a most agreeable interview with her Majesty, who was the picture of health. She took her seat and I mine, and we proceeded to business, and I could not believe that seven years had passed since we had had our last *tête-à-tête*.

BALMORAL CASTLE, *Sept. 13.*

Arrived here about 5.30 yesterday, am lodged in very pretty apartments in the gardener's cottage, the Castle being quite full. Unfortunately I did not dine with the Queen: she invites people about twice a-week, but the Household dine in the real dining-room, where I dined, and the drawing-room is never used. I have a pretty sitting-room with photographs of Swiss views and a portrait of Princess Christian and of the eldest son of the Princess of Prussia. It is a very cold place, and I am thankful for fires both in bed- and sitting-room. The Queen was very gracious, and I have had rather a long interview. This is a charming country and a very pretty place. The Castle small for the Queen of England.

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There are not, unfortunately, any notes by my father on the Reform Bill of 1867, and there are few allusions to it in letters ; but I find these comments on Mr Disraeli's speech introducing the Resolutions, February 12, 1867 :—

I think the position of the Government improved by last night. Of course there are plenty of adverse criticisms, and it is easy to find fault ; but I am not so much disposed to be severe on Dizzy's speech. The object is to gain time, and every week strengthens the Government : it does not delay the settlement, and I quite think that there is a *chance* of the Resolutions proving the basis of a measure which will pass, and if so, will be a credit to the Government. At any rate, Gladstone was puzzled how to meet it, and the House seem disposed to let us settle it.

The demonstration of yesterday was a very poor affair, both as regards numbers and organisation, compared to that of December 3. On December 3 I went through St James's Park and mixed amongst the crowds, and when I saw the orderly and respectful demeanour of the men who were there, I could not but draw in my mind a striking contrast be-

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tween those crowds and the angry mobs whom thirty-five years ago, when a schoolboy at Westminster, I saw assembled in Palace Yard, to intimidate the Parliament of that day. Why is this ? I believe it is because there are no very great and real grievances, because there is no longer that alienation of classes, because there is in this country a great sympathy between rich and poor. I utterly repudiate the idea that the Liberal party are entitled to claim a monopoly of interest in the working classes.

On April 8 the Reform Bill went into Committee. Mr Coleridge (afterwards Lord Coleridge) had given notice of an instruction with regard to rating, the greater part of which was withdrawn.

*April 9.*

We have not had such a scene since the memorable 21st of May 1858—a scene never to be forgotten. I had always predicted that the affair would blow up somehow in some way, and expected the *dénouement* to come about Thursday ; but I had no expectation of so sudden a collapse. The mortification to Gladstone must be most bitter. I do trust now that there is a prospect of comparative

peace during the session, so that we may pass our Reform Bill, and that we may have another autumn in which to enjoy office; but I don't calculate on anything.

On April 11 and 12 came the great struggle on household suffrage and the compound householder, and the Government proposal was carried on April 12 by 310 to 289.

*April 13.*

Our decisive victory last night makes me a happy man. I was sorry when Monday's motion went off without a division. It is now clear that if we had 21 majority last night, it would have been 50 on Coleridge's motion; so I think we are safe from a dissolution. After all the anxiety of Wednesday and Thursday, to-day is such a relief. On Thursday we were sure to be beaten, and I had written my address to my constituents.

On July 22 the Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Lords.

*July 23, 1867.*

Yesterday was quite an historic night, and very interesting to me. Thirty-five years had passed

since I had been present in the House of Lords on the second reading of a Reform Bill. The contrast was very remarkable. The old plain building with no ornament but the tapestry of the Armada was gone, and there was a splendid, highly decorated medieval hall. The leaders of the two opposite parties, Lord Derby and Lord Russell, had been members of the same Cabinet in 1832, and were ranged on opposite sides in 1867. The two great surviving gladiators of that day, the Whig Lord Chancellor Lord Brougham, and a Tory Bishop, Henry of Exeter, were “conspicuous by their absence.” There was *a* Duke of Wellington—not *the* Duke: he came to vote *for* the bill. Lord Grey, too, was there; but he was a very different man from the fine noble-looking Prime Minister of '32, and, curiously enough, he came *against* the bill: so he and the Duke of Wellington had changed places. There was *a* Lord Eldon—not *old* Lord Eldon, but his great-grandson; there was Lord Ellenborough, an uncompromising opponent of the bill of '67 as he had been of that of '32; and Lord Shaftesbury, who as Lord Ashley had fought the last great contested election against the bill of '32, came to oppose the bill of '67. The same opinions as Lord Carnarvon had held in '32 were ably

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maintained by his grandson in '67. Royal dukes were not so many: there was a Prince of Wales and a Duke of Cambridge; but the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester had no representatives. Close to me on the steps of the Throne were two prominent members of the Legislature who in '32 had been prominent members of the Oxford Debating Society: Mr Gladstone the Tory orator of '32 become the Radical of '67, and Mr Lowe the Radical of '32 become the ultra-Conservative of '67. Outside, Palace Yard was tranquil and deserted; inside, the debate was languid, save when a few enthusiastic Tory peeresses cheered Lord Carnarvon. I don't think that the debate sustained the character of the assembly.

The Judge Advocate's time was fully occupied with his parliamentary and official duties, which may account for my not finding many such graphic letters. The Fenian movement was giving him considerable anxiety all through 1867 and 1868, and his letters are nearly all short; but the following letters, written from

Osborne and Balmoral, are not without interest :—

*Feb. 12, 1867.*

I had such a pleasant visit to Osborne, quite like old times. The Queen saw me in the drawing-room, and before she came in I heard the children in the next room making such an uproar! Her Majesty proceeded at once to inquire all about the railway accident. She was so kind, asked so many questions, hoped Mrs Mowbray had not been much alarmed, and I told her all the story in detail. She was in high spirits, and looking so bright and animated.

The accident alluded to had taken place a few days previously. We were on our way from Reading to Brighton in a through carriage by the South-Eastern Railway. At Chilworth station our carriage was detached for some reason, and the station being on an incline, the carriage started and ran back. The guard fortunately stuck to the carriage, and just managed to turn us on to the other line at some points before a pilot engine

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came down the line we had left, which would inevitably have made an end to us !

BALMORAL, *Oct. 6.*

I have arrived here in the midst of winter, but I am happy to say that I am lodged in the Castle itself. An immense deal of snow fell yesterday, but to-day only the hills are covered,—Lochnagar, the high hill or mountain, about 3800 feet high, looks as white as Mont Blanc, the others less distinctly white. But it is dreary to see oats uncut and almost green laid low by the snow, and there is a fringe of snow along the road, so that it is thorough December! Church was at 12, and was very full. I sat in the pew close behind the Queen and all the Royal Family. This is likely to be the last visit I shall pay to Balmoral, as her Majesty has herself suggested that she does not wish to give me the trouble of coming so far. I am invited to dine to-night.

*October 7.*

I had a remarkably pleasant dinner last night. We were 7 at a round table. I was next the Princess Louise. She began in a very pleasant way reminding me of our first introduction in

Lady Augusta Stanley's rooms at Osborne. There was a great deal of free chat all round. The Queen in great spirits. She never seems to forget our railway accident, for she made me tell the Princesses about it.

Lord Derby and her Majesty's Ministers were entertained at the Free Trade Hall at Manchester on October 17, 1867 :—

All went off very well at Manchester. It was a splendid affair. There were ten tables in the body of the hall holding about 840, and there were three tables deep along the platform holding about 20 each. The tickets were 2 guineas each. The gallery was filled on one side by ladies, and on the other by a number of working men, and some gentlemen who had paid 10s. 6d. each for admission. I suppose there were 1000 or nearly so in the galleries. It was extremely enthusiastic. They had distributed the guests along the three tables on the platform, and by some lucky accident I found myself only one removed from Lord Derby, with Lord Shrewsbury between us. They gave me the toast of "The Ladies," but it was too late to make a speech.

I can find no letters or notes by my father on the remainder of the session. On February 25, 1868, Lord Derby's resignation was announced, and Mr Disraeli became Prime Minister. He wrote to my father:—

*Private.*

10 DOWNING STREET, *March 3, 1868.*

DEAR MOWBRAY,—I hope you will do me the favour of filling in the new Administration the office which you held under the Government of Lord Derby. Our great friend much wishes that we should all keep together.—Yours very faithfully,

B. DISRAELI.

Pressure of work kept my father from writing many letters at this time; and of the desperate fight on the Resolutions on the Irish Church I can find no account.

He describes the Queen's first garden-party to his mother thus:—

*June 22, 1868.*

The garden-party has been a great success. We mustered on the lawn of Buckingham Palace at 4.30, the gentlemen looking so odd in their evening coats and morning waistcoats and trousers! The

Queen walked up and down through the lines at 5 o'clock, and then sat down surrounded by the Royal Family, while the band played and the Tyrolese minstrels sang. After that we walked about the gardens: there were tents with refreshments and several barges on the lake, and the Queen's boatmen in their scarlet liveries looked very well. We came away at 7.30, and I came to the House and find I have lost two or three divisions.

I find a list of votes of members in office, session 1867-68, on the 25th of July:—

Number of Government divisions, 120—

117, Cave, Right Hon. S.,

113, Mowbray, Right Hon. J. R.,

heading the list. Possibly “Mowbray, Right Hon. J. R.” would have headed the list, as he always wished to do, but for the divisions lost by the Palace garden-party.

A contest for Durham, the first since his original election, was impending, and on June 29 he issued an address to “The old and new Electors of the City of Durham,”

stating his intention of coming forward once more to claim their suffrages; but before the time arrived for him to do so, circumstances had altered, and he had decided to relinquish the seat which he had held for sixteen years, and to fight for the representation of his own University. He felt the honour of the call, but left his old seat with regret. For some months Sir William Heathcote's health had been failing, and when he decided to retire from Parliament, the chairman of Mr Hardy's committee in 1865, who had organised the victory over Mr Gladstone, seemed the most fitting person to sit as Mr Hardy's colleague in 1868. In October a committee was formed in Oxford with Archdeacon Clerke as Chairman; and H. L. Mansell, D.D., R. Mitchell, D.D., and H. Wall, M.A., as Vice-Chairmen. There was a committee in London also, of which the Chairman was the Marquis of Hamilton, now Duke of

Abercorn ; and the Vice-Chairmen were Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., Hon. W. Brodrick, now Lord Midleton, and Rev. R. Gregory, now Dean of St Paul's. On October 19 the parting address to Durham was issued and the contest began—a contest referred to by the 'Times' in October 22 as "second only to the interest of Mr Gladstone's Lancashire election." It lasted until November 11, when Sir Roundell Palmer retired from it, and on November 18 Mr Gathorne Hardy and Mr Mowbray were returned as burgesses. Sir Roundell Palmer was a formidable opponent, and the daily letters to my grandmother, written during the contest, reflect the fluctuations of hopes and fears from day to day. On November 11, Sir Roundell Palmer retired.

*Oct. 8.*

Nothing new from Oxford to-day. Things advanced a little yesterday. Heathcote is to be asked

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to withdraw his resignation. This is not likely, I fear, to be the case: if he does not, the party will fight. Ch. Ch. wishes to have a man, and considers the choice lies between Sir M. Beach and myself. Michael Beach says he is too young and will not stand, but will be my Vice-Chairman, and work as hard as possible.

*Oct. 10.*

Things are ripening fast. The murder is out in five papers, and on Monday I am prepared to find myself denounced as an ignoramus everywhere. Of course it becomes a very anxious moment, and it may make or mar my political life. I have told the Prime Minister the pros and cons: he says if they wish you to fight and you think you can win you must stand.

*Oct. 11.*

They meet to-morrow to nominate me, but few men are up and there is a great want of organisation. On the other hand Palmer's friends are at work, and have announced that they will nominate him. I have always doubted whether he would stand: if he does I believe he will win. But if I could make a respectable fight and he became Lord Chancellor, I might still be member for the University at some distant day.

Oct. 17.

Things look very well. A London Committee with 130 good names at the end of six days!—more than half the number of Hardy's after six weeks. A good many supporters who were Gladstonians in 1865, and no desertions of any note. The 'Times' was very civil yesterday.

Oct. 20.

I am surprised at my own prospects. I don't want to be too sanguine, but I hope what I hear from so many quarters may prove to be true. There is no disunion in our ranks, in spite of their efforts to disparage me as compared with Roundell Palmer. It seems to fail, and we only lose some of the Wykehamists and neutralise others. People are working with a heart and a spirit which really surprise me and tend to keep me happy. Still, the battle has yet to be fought, and we must be prepared for defeat as well as victory. In truth, the prize is so much beyond my deserts that I cannot fancy it is at all within my grasp.

Oct. 28.

The returns are coming in slowly, and my Oxford Committee are alarmed, but I see no reason to be discouraged. Unfortunately I can't be chairman of my own Committee! I am in a fix between

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High and Low Church and all their inquiries. Pusey has declared his neutrality: he has broken with Palmer and Gladstone, but cannot make up his mind to go with me.

*Nov. 6.*

There is no doubt a general impression that Palmer is to be beaten, and it seems to prevail among some members of his Committee. If I could reach on Wednesday the number which Hardy had one week before the poll began, I should consider myself safe. There was bitter feeling against Gladstone. There is none against Palmer, and I expect a close run and an exciting time.

*Nov. 10.*

We had a pleasant Lord Mayor's dinner yesterday, notwithstanding that we do not expect to see another. Dizzy was happy and jocular: he was remarkably well received by all the company. My only anxiety now is the transmission of the voting-papers. Their organisation for sending them out is so much better than ours, and I know so well the importance and the difficulty of the affair. I mention it that you may not feel disheartened if Roundell Palmer should lead the poll the first day or two.

*November 12.*

The paper will have informed you of the joyous news which “the morrow of S. Martin,” henceforth a memorable day in the household calendar, has brought to the M.P. elect! I did not expect it to-day, although on Monday I was prepared for it; but I thought they had made their arrangements for going to the poll. And now arises the serious thought which has been pressing on me for many days past, how very much the honour is beyond anything that I could venture to dream of, and how serious the responsibility which will devolve on me in my new sphere of action. I only hope and pray that as God has been pleased to call me to such a post, He may give me grace and strength to do my duty to the Church and University.

[By the retirement of Sir Roundell Palmer my father's return became unopposed; and it is a remarkable fact that in forty-six years of Parliamentary life, including eleven general elections and two re-elections on taking office, he had to go only once to the poll at a contest—on his first entry into Parliament in 1853.]

*November 30.*

We have been calling on Sir Roundell Palmer's daughters, and there has been a pleasant little interchange of amiable sentiments between the ladies. The Ch. Ch. bells have rung merrily in honour of the new Ch. Ch. burgess,—they say the first time since the days of Sir R. Inglis. Gladstone, although a Ch. Ch. man, did not come in as a Ch. Ch. member. We have been at the Union, and have had the old journals down and looked at those which were kept by the rt. honble. member for Greenwich when he was secretary as well as by Mr Cornish when he was secretary.

When once the contest was over there were no longer supporters and opponents —only constituents. With Sir Roundell Palmer he resumed his old friendship, and on March 10, 1869, he writes:—

Coming out with Walpole we met Roundell Palmer. He first passed me without speaking, then seemed to recollect himself and said, "Oh, Mowbray, I don't think we have met since"—shook hands warmly and kindly, and moved off rapidly.

In connection with the contest, it is pleasant to recall that the last speech which my father made was at the opening of the new buildings of the Wellington Club at Reading, of which he was president, on December 19, 1898. The ceremony was performed by the Earl of Selborne, the son of his old opponent, who was the principal guest at the luncheon which followed, at which my father presided.

Two other letters, dated March 1869, may be quoted :—

*March 2, 1869.*

We had a marvellous speech last night of three hours and twenty minutes from W. E. G., I should think as remarkable as any he ever made, but it almost takes away one's breath to have such sweeping schemes quietly propounded. If all this is to be done as a matter of course, I really don't know what institution is safe. To-morrow I think of sleeping in town, as I am steward of a dinner to be given to Lord George Hamilton.

*March 4.*

We had the fun of being in a majority of 3 before dinner yesterday, which gave a zest to the

entertainment, which was very successful. George Hamilton, who is a remarkably clever young fellow, made a first-rate speech: nothing could have been better done. In fact, I don't know such good young fellows as the Marquis and his brothers Claud and George. The eldest brother was Chairman of my London Committee. I made a speech, as you will see, which was very well received, but it came very late.

With respect to the threatened quarrel between the Houses on the amendments to the Irish Church Bill, he wrote:—

*July 23, 1869.*

After I wrote yesterday I found that the good sense of Lords Granville, Clarendon, &c., has prevailed over the madness of the Prime Minister, and that we were saved all the worry and danger of the crisis. I was in the Lords and heard it out, and I am inexpressibly thankful for the result. I deplore the bill; but if the Irish Church was to be disestablished (and that, I think, was decided by the nation at the election, and confirmed by the Lords on the second reading), then I don't want a constitutional crisis for the sake of £100,000

more or less. As it is, the substantial victory is with the Lords: they maintained the amendment which they carried on Tuesday, and they have secured many pecuniary advantages to the Church. As is the case in all compromises, one hears various opinions: some of our ultra men are discontented. But I am glad to say the Rads. are furious. Gladstone showed his sense of defeat and mortification so much as to shut himself up and be ill yesterday. As it is, I think, as R. Palmer (with whom I was again in the most confidential chat yesterday) said, it is a settlement at which all good men will rejoice, and all bad men be angry.

On the Bishop's Resignation Bill he writes:—

*Aug. 6, 1869.*

Gladstone was quite genial and pleasant: as Hope remarked, he was the Gladstone of twenty years ago, and was quite unlike his present self. I believe he was really happy to do one good thing among all his mischief.

On Lord Derby's death, in October 1869, the University of Oxford chose Lord Salisbury to succeed as Chancellor, and his in-

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stallation at Hatfield is described by my father in this letter to his mother, on November 24:—

Nothing could be more magnificent than all the accompaniments of the ceremonial of yesterday. We met at King's Cross a little before five o'clock. Six carriages were in waiting for us at Hatfield Station at 5.42. Hardy and I came up in one with the Bishops of Oxford and Rochester. We found rather a large party in the house. Lord and Lady Salisbury and nearly all the children were in the room where we were received. Lord Chelmsford, Sir W. and Lady Heathcote, Beresford Hope and Lady Mildred, Lady Alderson and two daughters, and Richmond (the R.A.) We had tea and so forth, and then went to our rooms to robe. Assembling in the library, we formed a procession to a long gallery: the Vice-Chancellor, preceded by the three University bedels with their maces, then the doctors and the proctors, Earl Bathurst and myself, and the other M.A.'s. The gallery is 166 feet long; it was arranged in the centre like the Convocation House. A grand chair of state and a table in front, a smaller chair on the right, two chairs on either side for the proctors, and a

chair and table for the registrar, and chairs down on each side for the members of the Convocation. The family were in a large sort of wing opening out of the gallery, and the servants at the other end of it. The Vice-Chancellor took the chair, opened the Convocation, and sent the bedels to conduct the Chancellor in. He was brought into Convocation, and the Vice-Chancellor placed him in the chair, the registrar having first read the deed of election. The public orator made rather a long speech, lamenting the loss the University had sustained by the death of Lord Derby, and congratulating the Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor made a congratulatory speech, and then Lord Salisbury replied in a very neat speech and good specimen of Latinity. Then we had a sumptuous banquet to about forty in a grand old hall. It is a wonderful house. We had service this morning in chapel at 9.30, and I came up with the party at 11.55.

*December 14.*

I have had a most delightful visit at Oxford. We had a very pleasant dinner-party of 43. Last year there was a little constraint, because the senior censor and many of the party had been among my opponents. Of course it was only felt

but not expressed. But this year when I responded for Christ Church I was very cordially greeted, and my speech told well upon all, Liberals as well as Conservatives. I adjourned at ten to the Deanery, where we had such a beautiful succession of tableaux by the Miss Liddells and others, and did not break up until twelve. I do so enjoy my visits at Oxford, and I suppose it makes me look young, as Mrs Liddell told me the Dean's sister took me for my son !

There are no letters at all about the Education Act of 1870. My father had held the unpaid post at the Ecclesiastical Commission whilst in office in 1866 to 1868. In April 1871 he received from Archbishop Tait the offer of the post of Church Estates Commissioner, which he accepted, and retained until 1892.

CANNES, April 1, 1871.

MY DEAR MOWBRAY,—Mr Howes' death makes a vacancy in the Church Commissioners' office. There is no one to whom I feel it could be so appropriately offered as yourself. I do trust that you will accept the position. Your past experi-

ence, your long-tried attachment to the Church, and the deep interest you have always taken in its progress, point you out as the proper man, to say nothing of your parliamentary position. It would be a great gratification to me to find that public duty, concurring with private friendship in nominating one for whom I feel so great a regard, had led me to make an appointment not unacceptable to yourself.—Ever yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

It may not be out of place here to say a word or two about the Ecclesiastical Commission, on which my father worked for so many years. He has spoken of his early friendship with Archbishop Tait, and it was a great pleasure to him to be associated for so long in after-life with one for whose character he had the greatest respect and regard, and whose statesmanship commanded his highest admiration. He often spoke of Tait as the “greatest Archbishop since Tillotson.” He knew Archbishop Benson well both at Lincoln and at Truro, and

when resigning the Commissionership in 1892, he regretted more than anything else the constant intercourse with the present Archbishop, then Bishop of London, whose sterling qualities had won his respect and affection.

I find an amusing letter to my mother describing the first visitation of the estates under the charge of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, Sept. 1871.

Isn't it curious my coming back upon the county of Durham in a new capacity? Act I. The Bride and Bridegroom descending from Alston upon Stanhope. Act II. The M.P. and his wife visiting constituents. Act III. The Church Estates Commissioner visiting estates and exercising semi-seignorial, semi-episcopal functions throughout Weardale. It is rather amusing what great folk we are in Weardale, and on how many matters, small and great, temporal and spiritual, we are appealed to and have to give judgment. This you will say suits me! I find Lord Chichester a thoroughly kind and likeable man, and we get on capitally.

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In 1875 he was for a moment inclined to give up that post together with the House of Commons, as he received the following letter from Mr Disraeli :—

*Private.*                    2 WHITEHALL GARDENS, Nov. 1, 1875.

DEAR MOWBRAY,—There are two important posts in the Civil Service now vacant: the First Commissioner of Charities and of C.S. Examinations. I have as yet offered them to no one, but either is at your service. I have no wish to see you leave the House of Commons, but quite the reverse; for I think your presence there alike advantageous to the public interest and those of our party: but I make you this offer from a sense of duty, and as some acknowledgment of your claims, which always occur to me.—Yours faithfully,

D.

Both posts were declined, and the House of Commons became even more than before the great interest of his life.

The work on the Commission entailed constant attendance during the greater part of the year and quite endless corre-

spondence, and my father attended the Thursday Boards so regularly that I do not think he missed one (save through illness), except when he went to South Shields in June 1890 to open a park there, and even this absence was caused by Ecclesiastical Commission work. The park had been partly given and partly sold by the Commissioners, and the corporation therefore invited my father to open it, and gave him a "right royal reception," as he described it.

In April 1883 Mr Arthur Arnold made an attack on the Commission in the House of Commons, which caused my father considerable anxiety before the motion came on. His relief, therefore, when the motion collapsed was great, and he wrote of it as follows to my sister :—

*April 1, 1883.*

As you know how anxious I have been about Arthur Arnold's motion, you will be glad to hear

that it collapsed after general benediction upon the Ecclesiastical Commission from everybody, including Arnold himself, and I returned to dinner very jubilant and ready to dance round the table. I made a long speech, which both sides said was an excellent vindication of the Commission, and which took very well with the House, so we are safe for another year. I think that a Committee, with the very arduous labours which it would have imposed upon me, would have shortened my days.

After an attack of rheumatism in November 1890, my father found the cold journeys to town during the winter very trying; so after considerable hesitation he decided that the time had come for him to give up the hard work of the Commission, and on December 1, 1892, he took leave of his colleagues. There was a large gathering of bishops, and of members of the Commission, including the Home Secretary, Mr Asquith, and Mr G. Leveson Gower (Controller of the Household), the unpaid Commissioner of the

time. My father felt very deeply all the kind words spoken on the occasion, and the letters which he received. He wrote with respect to them :—

I have thanked the Archbishop for his charming letter, but it really is too kind and quite painful to receive, for I have done nothing but what any man with a clear head and tolerable ability might have done.

I have put all these notes about the Commission together, and must return to earlier years for parliamentary reminiscences ; but first I may quote two letters describing a two days' visit to Paris which my father made in July 1871 :—

PARIS, *July 9.*

I cannot tell you how much I am enjoying my holiday. I had a most perfect crossing, and reached Paris to the minute. I was due at 7.50, and I was in my cab and out of the station at 7.51, which being 7.41 English reckoning, made me feel that I had gained time. We saw Prussians

keeping guard at the railway station at Amiens and one other place, lots of military waggons about, otherwise small traces of the war—except in one place where the line had been broken, and they had constructed a temporary wooden bridge. As I drove from the station I saw scarcely a trace of the mischief done until I saw the Place Vendôme so desolate, with all but the base of the column gone. I came to Meurice's, not liking to go to the Grand, as it was a hospital during the siege. I found it very empty; indeed I have only met one Englishman whom I know, Admiral Duncombe. I soon dressed, and I never rested until after 9 P.M. In fact, I believe the old gentleman of fifty-six was just as active as the young man of twenty-two when he first came into Paris on a fine June morning in 1837. The day was perfection—hot, clear, bright, and sunny. It is a most wonderful sight. There must have been a great deal of most diabolical thought and ingenuity in providing materials, for never was destruction so complete. The Hôtel de Ville is thoroughly done for: it is a most striking ruin, but nothing can be rebuilt. The old portion of the Tuilleries is the same, only the new portion built by the Emperor seems to have resisted the elements better. A great num-

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ber of the public offices and official residences of Ministers and a great many private houses through the Rue Rivoli are utter wrecks. No church seems to have suffered. I believe there is one, but I have not been there. *Notre Dame* is unhurt. The *Sainte Chapelle* escaped by a miracle, for the *Palais de Justice*, in the centre of which it stands, was burned in the most complete way. I had a glorious view from the top of the Tower of *Notre Dame*. In the afternoon I went to *St Cloud*. I went by road by *Passy*, and everywhere the ruined houses told tales of the Prussian siege. *St Cloud* is the most desolate ruin you can imagine: three years ago when I was there it was all bright and glorious. *Napoleon* and *Eugénie* were residing there, and there was a great Sunday fair. Now it is annihilated! No one clears the ruins, as they have done to some extent in *Paris*; the beautiful trim gardens have been untouched all the year. The orange-trees were burnt standing: there they stand in their boxes, which are unburnt! I never saw anything so melancholy. The view from it was superb, and carried one over the history of the siege. *Forts Bicêtre, Vanves, Issy, Montrouge, &c.*, all familiar spots in sight. I came back by the *Seine*, and dined at the *Grand Hotel*

—a large party, and as splendid as ever. The Emperor is gone everywhere, the Comte de Chambord and the Orleans princes are in the windows. Ordinary Paris seems nearly as busy as ever, cabs and omnibuses in profusion, few private carriages; but the whole aspect is more like itself than I expected, and they clean and repair and rebuild so rapidly that those who do not come soon will see little.

*July 11.*

I hope you duly received my letter written in Paris. I reached the cliffs of Dover all right this morning at 4.30, and was in Onslow Gardens by 7.30. I had a short turn into bed, and then we had Earl Stanhope, the Dean of Ch. Ch., Gathorne Hardy, and Wilson Patten at breakfast at 10. Lord Salisbury was prevented from coming after accepting, and Sir M. Hicks-Beach forgot his engagement. I have most thoroughly enjoyed an open-air life for three days and four nights. I went to Meudon, Versailles, and Fort Valérien, as well as the other places, and did a great deal in a limited time. I am so glad to have been. I have been longing to go for six months past. I am heartily Imperialist. They are properly punished for getting rid of the best sovereign they have had.

No gold, little gas, passports back, all kinds of retrograde things; but I see no chance whatever of the restoration of the Empire. I am quite surprised how fresh I am to-day, but the trip has taken one quite out of oneself.

## XII.

THE WORK OF COMMITTEES OF THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1874-1899



## XII.

THE WORK OF COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE  
OF COMMONS, 1874-1899.COMMITTEE OF STANDING ORDERS—COMMITTEE OF SELECTION—  
PRIVATE BILLS—GRAND COMMITTEES.

AFTER the general election of 1874 Colonel Wilson Patten was created Lord Winmarleigh, and the post of Chairman of the Committees of Standing Orders and Selection became vacant. To that post my father succeeded, having been a member of both committees since 1863, and from that time until February 1899 he remained chairman of these two important committees. At the commencement of each session those who follow closely the work of the House of

Commons will note such a paragraph as the following, which always appears at the beginning of each session :—

*Feb. 14, 1899.*

Ordered that the Select Committee on Standing Orders do consist of 13 members. Mr Buchanan, Sir Wm. Coddington, Mr John Edward Ellis, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr Halsey, Mr Humphreys Owen, Mr James Lowther, Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Mowbray, Mr Wm. Redmond, Sir Mark Stewart, and Mr Whitmore were accordingly nominated members of the committee.

Selection :—

Ordered that the Committee of Selection do consist of 11 members. Mr Sydney Buxton, Sir John Dorrington, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Dr Farquharson, Mr Halsey, Mr Justin M'Carthy, Mr Albert Spicer, Mr Philip Stanhope, Mr Wharton, Mr Wodehouse, and the Chairman of Select Committee on Standing Orders, were accordingly nominated members of committee.

It may be noticed as a curious fact that Sir John Mowbray's name does not appear in this second list. The Committee on

Standing Orders in theory select their own chairman from among their own members, and the person so selected becomes *ex officio* chairman of the Committee of Selection. Practically, the person to be chosen as chairman of both committees is designated by the leader of the House before the committees are nominated. At the opening of the session of 1899 Sir John would have been glad to have been relieved of the burden of the Committee on Standing Orders, but by the Standing Orders themselves the two offices were inseparable.

Probably of the few who read or notice so much, still fewer realise in any measure what an important part in the working of the House is done by these bodies which meet every Tuesday and Friday afternoon during the session.

The Standing Orders Committee was in former days considered the more important,

and to it are referred all bills which are found by the Examiners of Bills to have omitted to comply with the Standing Orders of the House of Commons with respect to Private Bill Legislation. The work is mostly technical, and the irregularities are usually in respect of either the time when the bills were deposited by the promoters of railway, canal, and other bills of the kind, or inaccuracies in the plans of the railways, &c., or the way in which the bills have been drawn. The committee has to decide whether the irregularities complained of can be excused by circumstances, or whether they are intentional and wilful or of a grave nature, and to consider whether or not the Standing Orders may be dispensed with. If the Standing Orders Committee decide that the Standing Orders should not be dispensed with, a report to that effect is made to the House, and the bill is lost for the session.

The chairmanship of the Committee of Selection is now much more important, and the duties have grown year by year until the chairman and the committee do an amount of work of which the world outside parliamentary circles is quite ignorant,—work which requires a skilled knowledge of the House, of its rules, and of the capacities and qualities of almost every member, together with judgment, great tact, and constant attendance at Westminster. In the earlier years of my father's time the work was chiefly concerned with Private Bill Committees, but by degrees it has become more frequent to appoint what are called hybrid committees to deal with the greater Private Bills. These are Committees on Private Bills which the House is determined somewhat to control by extraordinary rules—that is, causing the committees in question to be composed of seven or more members, half to be nominated by the

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House, half by the Committee of Selection. The first half — those nominated by the House — are interested parties; the others — nominated by the Committee of Selection — are disinterested parties. In Private Bill Committees of the ordinary type all are disinterested parties, and a declaration to that effect is required from every member serving on them. In the Committee of Selection, party politics are unknown; no division has ever taken place in the committee, and the fear that one might take place made my father almost ill and quite unhappy. On Standing Orders there are not unfrequently divisions. Private Bill Committees consist of four members, two from the Government side and two from the Opposition, and towards the end of the session it is not always possible to maintain even this proportion.

At the beginning of a session the Committee of Selection form the opposed Private

Bills—*i.e.*, Gas, Water, and Railway Bills—into groups, after hearing from the parliamentary agents their views on the proposals submitted to them. Perhaps the largest portion of the duties of the Committee of Selection is the appointment of the chairman and three other members of the various groups of opposed Gas and Water Bills which are introduced each session. To them may be added the selection of the Railway and Canal Committee, of about ten members or more, which select among themselves the chairmen of the various groups which deal with opposed Railway Bills, the Committee of Selection adding the other three members. There are often twenty to thirty of these committees to be “manned” in a session; members are constantly being discharged at the termination of a bill in their group, and their places have to be filled, sometimes at a moment’s notice. This and other causes render necessary the daily attendance of the

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Chairman of the Committee of Selection, who obtains at the next meeting of the Committee of Selection the sanction of the committee to any action he has taken since their last meeting, during the session of Parliament. There are other not less important duties which devolve on the committee—the preparation of a panel every week, from which panel members are taken for the above-named Private Bill Committee. Each panel is composed of three times as many members as may be wanted for the setting up of each new committee, besides a certain number to fill up vacancies that occur in sitting groups. The preparation of these panels is a considerable labour, and towards the end of the session they are extremely difficult to construct, as members are apt to complain if they are unduly worked, as they consider, and their names appear more than once on a weekly panel during the session.

To those who know the inside of the House of Commons, but not perhaps to the constituents of some members, it is needless to explain that no member receives any remuneration for sitting on a committee, and that long speeches, whatever "refreshers" they may bring to counsel engaged, bring no refreshment to those on the other side of the table.

But in 1882 the work and the responsibility of the Committee of Selection were greatly increased by Resolutions of the House that two Standing Committees should be appointed for the consideration of all bills relating (1) to law and courts of justice and legal procedure, and (2) to trade, shipping, and manufactures, which may by order of the House be committed to them.

The Committee in 1883, when it was composed of Sir John Mowbray (Chairman), Mr Cubitt (now Lord Ashcombe), Sir Charles Forster, Mr Mitchell Henry, Mr Orr Ewing,

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Mr Whitbread, Mr Illingworth, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, proceeded to nominate the members of these two committees, now better known as Grand Committees. They were to consist of not less than 60 or more than 80, which has in practice become 68 to each, with 15 specially added for each particular bill to be considered by the said Committee.

The House consists of 670 members, so that 68 represented one-tenth of the whole House with one extra. It was, therefore, fairly easy to start with an arrangement to give one member on each committee to each ten members in the House, and to represent the general balance of parties. The difficulties really began when the details had to be worked out, and English and Scottish, Welsh and Irish, Conservatives, Liberals, and Home Rulers, all had to appear as nearly as possible in due proportion. I well remember the endless lists prepared

to show the exact state of the parties in the House at the moment, and also the lists of constituencies, to ensure that all the great constituencies were represented, and to prevent a preponderance of manufactures over agriculture, or of the coal interests over the shipping, on the Trade Committee, and that each of the great industries of the kingdom should find itself properly represented. It was many weeks before the work of constituting these committees and framing the principles on which they should be formed was completed to the satisfaction of the chairman or the committee. The Leader of the House, the Leader of the Opposition, and Mr Parnell, as Leader of the Home Rule party, were all left out. The existing and late Home Secretaries and Law Officers were placed, I may say, *ex officio* on the Law Committee, and the Presidents of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board, and

later on the President of the Board of Agriculture, on the Trade Committee.

A chairman's panel is nominated by the Committee of Selection of not less than four or more than six members, who appoint from among themselves the chairman of each Standing Committee.

In 1894 another, and third, Standing Committee was set up for the consideration of all bills relating to Scotland. This committee was to consist of all members representing Scottish constituencies, together with fifteen other members to be nominated by the Committee of Selection, due regard being had to the approximation of the balance of parties in this committee to that of the whole House. To this committee the Local Government (Scotland) Bill was committed.

In 1895 a similar order was made for the above Standing Committee, except that twenty other members were to be added instead of fifteen. Since that year this

particular Standing Committee has not met, and I think I may add that my father had little belief in the working of the Scottish Grand Committee.

The Standing Committees for Law and Trade were in abeyance during 1885-86-87, but were revived by Standing Order in 1888, and have sat since, the two Committees being nominated at the beginning of each session.

Since 1888 they have sat fairly regularly during the session for the consideration of what may be called non-contentious bills—that is, of bills requiring the threshing out of details, which were accepted by the House in principle as a whole.

Of late a practice has been growing up of referring more contentious bills to them, measures are hotly fought on party lines, and the work of a Standing Committee is often done over again by the House on “the consideration of Report.” It was, I know,

my father's opinion that the permanent value of these committees as lightening the labours of the House could be secured only by restricting them as far as possible to non-contentious legislation. The hours of sitting on the two Standing Committees are from 11.45 or 12 o'clock till 3; but by special leave from the House these committees have sat till 4, 5, or even 6 o'clock on bills. The practice in these committees is the same as in the House. The chairman sits on a dais with two clerks on his left, the draftsman of the bill on his right, with a permanent official or so of the department to which the bill relates; next, the clauses of the bills, after debate, are considered, amended, or agreed to, and then reported to the House.

The duty of selecting members to serve on the Standing Committees is much enhanced by the continued shifting that goes on throughout the session: hardly a week passes without some "discharge" of a mem-

ber and some consequent “addition.” A Report to the House has always to follow each such change, and it may well be understood that “manning” the Standing Committees has greatly increased the difficulty of “manning” the Private Bill Committees, and that the post of Chairman of Selection (especially towards the end of a session) is by no means an easy one. My father has already hinted that members are not quite so willing as they were to burden themselves with the work of committees, and the effort which he never failed to make, of attempting to consult the convenience of individual members as to the time when they should serve, was not the least arduous of the duties of the post. For himself he valued committee work most highly, both for the importance of the interests involved and as a training for members of the House,—often quoting in this, as in other matters, the advice of Sir Robert Peel, “Stick to committees.”

When the new Parliament met after the General Election of 1892, my father, who was then nearing seventy-eight, requested to be relieved of the duties of the office, and it was only at the personal solicitation of Mr Gladstone that he continued to discharge them. He stipulated only that Mr Whitbread, who had for many years been the leading Liberal member on the Committee, and who had also sent in his resignation, should continue to serve. This was satisfactorily arranged, and I find in a letter from my father, through the ordinary channels of parliamentary communication, the following :—

Now that I am assured of the co-operation of my valued colleague Mr Whitbread, I feel I ought at once to say that I will place my services at the disposal of the House. And may I add, in all sincerity, that gratitude for the support which Mr Gladstone has always given to the Committee of Selection constitutes a further reason why I should comply with your request.

I have been much helped in this account of my father's committees by friends and colleagues who served with him. Perhaps I may be allowed, in summing up this record of more than twenty-five years' unostentatious work in the public service, to quote the resolution passed unanimously by the Committee, on the motion of a Liberal seconded by a Conservative :—

During that long period of time it has been largely due to the genial tact, personal character, and unwearying attention of the chairman that the delicate and difficult duties intrusted to the Committee of Selection have been carried out without friction or division, and to the general satisfaction of the House.

This resolution was passed on my father's resignation of the office after my mother's death, in February 1899 ; and I can only add that the proposal to place by private subscription some memorial to him, in recognition of his services, in the Committee-

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room where he had presided so long—a proposal unique, I believe, in the annals of Parliament in the case of a private member—is as gratifying to his family as it would have been unlooked for by himself.

### XIII.

LATER YEARS IN THE HOUSE, 1880-1899



## XIII.

## LATER YEARS IN THE HOUSE, 1880-1899.

“IRISH ROWS”—LORD BEACONSFIELD’S DEATH—THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON—ELECTION OF MR SPEAKER PEEL—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL’S LEADERSHIP—DEATH OF LORD IDDESDLEIGH—THE 1887 JUBILEE—LORD ROSEBURY—A VISIT TO THE CRIMEA—ELECTION OF MR GULLY AS SPEAKER—FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE continual “Irish rows,” and systematic obstruction, from 1880 to 1882, were very distressing to my father. He felt that they did an injury to the dignity of the whole House, and that it, and not merely the Irish party, suffered by them. He was constant in his attendance at the House, travelling up through the great snow-storm of January 18, 1881,—an experience

described in a letter written the same evening :—

*Jan. 18, 1881.*

You will be glad to know that I got here safe and fairly warm, but such a journey I never had and never dreamt of ! I was not at Paddington until 8.30 instead of 4.45, no lights and no foot-warmers. We left Mortimer at 3.35 instead of 3.10, and were outside Reading Station for more than an hour. There the train due at 3.45 was also waiting outside, and the points would not act. We left Reading about 5.15, and seemed to get on fairly well to Slough : there we were kept, Heaven knows why and Heaven knows how long ; but we were all in the dark, and could not see our watches. Again the points refused to work, and I thought we never should get under weigh ; but at last we did, and reached Paddington at 8.30. At Reading we saw four down trains pass, at Slough five ; at Paddington we were the only train in, three or four due. Snow fearful, not a cab to be had anywhere. I believe there will be a division before 12 ; if not, I shall go by train. I am most thankful to have got here safely.

It was some months before he entirely got over the effects of this exposure—not, I think,

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until after his visit to America in the summer of 1881.

He took his full share of the prolonged sittings, being present for many hours of the memorable forty-one hours' sitting from January 31 to February 2, 1881, and again at that of February 3, when the Irish members were suspended in a body. He describes the latter sitting thus:—

*Feb. 4, 1881.*

It was an extraordinary scene. I was there all through, and am none the worse. I bolted a bit of beef and swallowed a pint of claret whilst some of the Irish were being carried off, and I heard all Gladstone's admirable speech. I stuck to the Government all through, and voted with Walpole against Northcote. He ought never to have divided. Gladstone yielded  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points out of 4, and it was ungracious to challenge the small difference that remained.

Lord Beaconsfield died on April 19, 1881, and my father attended the funeral at Hughenden.

*April 27, 1881.*

We reached High Wycombe at 1.20. I walked up to the church. At 2.30 the doors were opened, and I was one of the first to be admitted: a very large number of seats—perhaps 130—were reserved for the Royalties, Dukes, mourners, and principal friends, and some of the servants. All was done very reverently, and I think all seemed to display a great deal of real feeling. Coningsby Disraeli is an interesting boy,—more like Beaconsfield than his own father. He and Ralph Disraeli followed the body; then Rowton and Barrington, the Executors, Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, Ambassadors, Dukes, Peers, Barts., and M.P.'s. We left by the special, and were at Paddington at 6.5.

My father has spoken of his early friendship for Dean Stanley. In July 1881 he attended the impressive ceremony of the Dean's funeral in Westminster Abbey.

*July 25, 1881.*

A wondrous sight in the Abbey, such a spontaneous gathering of men of all shades of opinion. We met in the Hall, not in the Jerusalem Chamber,

and so went in. Names were called out—Cardinals Manning and Newman (but I did not see them), Selborne, Salisbury, Walpole, Gladstone, Northcote. You will see all the names. I walked with Lord R. Grosvenor, and was in Henry VII. Chapel and well placed as we moved up on either side near the Royal Princes. The service lasted nearly an hour and a half. The Bishop of London told me he never wished for such a funeral over him, but would prefer to be buried in a country churchyard. However, I think the mass of people felt a personal affection for Stanley.

In December 1882 he was at Addington for Archbishop Tait's funeral.

*Dec. 8, 1882.*

I have just come back from Addington, where we had a very large gathering, although no doubt the snow, which was six inches deep, kept many away. I went by a special at 10.50, which conveyed the Dukes of Connaught and Albany, the Archbishop of York, and many bishops. We all mustered in the house, and then in several processions, forming a long line on foot to the church, about three quarters of a mile off. The three daughters and Davidson the son-in-law were there.

Stanhope and Cranbrook walked together, and my colleague, John Talbot, and I followed. It was happily dry overhead except from the dripping of the trees. The church was quite full, and all was arranged with becoming solemnity. The Vice-Chancellor and the Warden of All Souls were the representatives of the University.

*Nov. 15., 1883.*

We elected Gore Principal Librarian of Pusey Memorial. The Bishop of Oxford came up, and Beauchamp, Warden of Keble, Scott-Holland, Liddon, &c. I was obliged to come away before all was over. A very pleasant dinner at Inner Temple. The G.O.M. very cordial—actually addressed me as Mowbray without any prefix! I sat next to him in the chamber after dinner, and told him a great deal about Oxford; the vote of Convocation about Luther, which he evidently approved of; answered his questions about Driver, &c. No speeches in Hall, but speeches afterwards—Derby for Lords, Gladstone Commons, I for visitors. Montagu Smith, Erskine May, and sundry people there.

In the course of this Parliament, as will be well remembered, the more eager spirits on the Conservative side in the House be-

came more and more impatient of what they considered the tame and spiritless leadership of the Opposition by Sir Stafford Northcote. The Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, and composed of Mr Arthur Balfour, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, sprang into existence. Night after night they gave expression to feelings of dissatisfaction below the gangway, and there was serious danger of a cleavage in the party. My father, as he himself has said, regarded Lord Randolph's career with sympathetic interest from the first, but he was too old a friend of Sir Stafford Northcote and too loyal a member of the party not to be alarmed at the prospect. A proposal was set on foot to present an address of confidence to Sir Stafford as leader of the Opposition. My father worked hard to collect signatures, and the result may be told in the following letters :—

*April 10, 1883.*

MY DEAR NORTHCOTE,—I have great pleasure in placing in your hands the accompanying address, signed by 200 Members of the Conservative party in the House of Commons (not having held office in the late Administration), expressing their confidence and regard. It affords me, as a very old friend, special gratification that it should have fallen to my lot to be the medium of making this communication.—I remain, my dear Northcote, yours very sincerely, JOHN ROBERT MOWBRAY.

*To the Rt. Honble. Sir Stafford H. Northcote.*

We, the undersigned Conservative members of Parliament, desire to express to you, in a more formal way than was done by the very remarkable and spontaneous outburst in the House last night, our continued confidence in you as our Leader in the House of Commons, and our intention to do our best to strengthen your hands in the very difficult position which you occupy with so much devotion.

30 ST JAMES'S PLACE, *April 10, 1883.*

MY DEAR MOWBRAY,—I need hardly tell you with what gratification I have received the re-

markable document which you have placed in my hands. Such an expression of confidence will greatly encourage me; and I can only say to my friends that as long as they think my services in my present position are of any value to the party, they may rely on my doing my best to justify their support. Will you kindly convey my best thanks to those who have signed the address, comprising, as I believe, nearly all the members of the Conservative party in the House of Commons who are within reach, exclusive of my colleagues in the late Administration. And you will let me offer my special thanks to yourself for the trouble you have taken. It adds much to the pleasure with which I have received this paper that it comes to me at the hands of so old and so valued a friend.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

This tribute of respect, signed by all the Conservative members in London except Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr Newdigate, no doubt for the time strengthened the hands of Sir Stafford Northcote, and tended to the unity of the party.

The session of 1884 opened with the Bradlaugh case, which is thus referred to:—

*Feb. 8, 1884.*

We began well last night. Gladstone was not up to time. The clock stopped before Bradlaugh had been speaking ten minutes, and we had a majority of 58. Our men came up well: out of 244 only 17 were absent and all but 13 in the House. Bourke was in the House of Lords, Walpole, Coope, and Trevor Lawrence out at the moment, and only 13 absentees in all parts of the world, including Sir G. Elliot, who is in Egypt. Gladstone was feeble and his argument fallacious. There was everything for a court of law to decide about affirmation, nothing about the oath.

*Feb. 22, 1884.*

A very exciting day. We have just expelled Bradlaugh and issued a new writ for Northampton. It remains to be seen if the moderate people there can carry the day. Northcote has done it right well. We were nearly in a mess last night when the Carlton was hot to issue the writ before expulsion. Bradlaugh himself, by his outrageous conduct both yesterday and to-day, completed the case against himself, so all goes on well. You will

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observe that I said a very few words at the request of men about me to keep some of our men straight. Gladstone behaved scandalously; he did not vote. Willie and Herbert Gladstone voted for Bradlaugh.

It is only fair to add that in after-years my father, like many others on the Conservative side of the House, came to appreciate the many sterling qualities in Mr Bradlaugh's character. He recognised in him what he called a thorough House of Commons man, and he never failed to have a kindly regard for every man who loyally threw himself into the spirit of the place, whichever side of the House he might sit on.

Although rather before its time, I here insert an account of the Westminster Play in 1885, in order not to interrupt the political part of the narrative.

*Dec. 17, 1885.*

I went last night to the Westminster Play and enjoyed it very much. The epilogue, written by Thompson of Ch. Ch., was capital fun. I found myself in the antique and dignified position of

occupying the chair and having to ask for the cup. I first saw the "Andria" fifty-four years ago, 1831, and the obituary of Old Westminster included sixteen men who belonged to my generation. We had Lords Lingen and Brabourne, J. Talbot, Sir James Paget, and others. The new President of Magdalen came up to me in the pleasantest way possible and introduced himself as one of my constituents.

After the death of Gordon in January 1885 the Opposition proposed to move a vote of censure on Mr Gladstone's Government, and my father wrote on February 18—

I believe they have screwed their courage up at last to move a Vote of Censure. I, who am usually the most moderate and cautious, find myself on this occasion one of the most pugnacious, and I have had to sustain the fainting spirits of some on the front bench. I maintain that all the traditions and usages of political life demand a direct vote, and that the Duke, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Beaconsfield, would have done it, and they must take the consequences, and Salisbury must come in and make the best of it if we beat them—but

we shan't. I find myself in complete accord with Sir R. Peel and with Jersey, and Jersey is the most moderate man, and voted for the Franchise Bill.

There was a meeting at the Carlton, and a Resolution drawn up by Sir Stafford Northcote was moved on February 23. On that date he wrote—

Our meeting yesterday at the Carlton was not very full, nor was it much to the purpose. A good deal of steam was let off against Northcote's Resolution, which is not happily framed; but of course every one votes for it. We had a disgraceful scene altogether at the House (on an amendment to the Address moved by W. O'Brien). Most of our men behaved badly by walking out, and some voted with the Irish; altogether 26 of us voted with the Government and the Speaker, and 25 voted against them. It was the first trial of the *clôture*, and completely illustrated what I said in 1882, that Gladstone had drawn his Resolution in such a complicated way that no Government would be safe in trying the *clôture* except when they had 200 of their own men in the House. They were over 40 (there were 20 Irish, 1 Rad., and 25 Conserva-

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tives), a majority of 200 was required, and the Government had only 182, so that they were nearly beaten; and had the Irish recollected that under the peculiar circumstances the question had to be put twice and taken a second division, I am not sure that some of our men would not have walked out to embarrass the Government.<sup>1</sup> It was most annoying to the Speaker, who suggested the motion entirely in the interests of the House and without any suggestion from the Government, and he told me afterwards that he should have resigned if the motion had failed. John Manners stood to his guns and voted, but most of our men walked away. Nothing is known about the division. I expect the Irish will abstain. They say they would vote with us if they could turn out the Government. But of that there seems no prospect. I suppose Goschen's speech will give us a few votes, but I expect the Ministerial majority to be twenty at least.

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<sup>1</sup> In explanation of this it should be added that, by the Standing Orders, if the minority were over 40, it required at least 200 to carry the *clôture*. In this case the minority were 46, the Government had only 182 of their own men, and had to depend on the Conservative Opposition to furnish the balance required to make up 200.



*From a photo by Elliott & Fry.*

SPEAKER PEEL.



It was fourteen only.

Mr Gladstone's Government came to an end in June 1885, and Lord Salisbury took office. The dissolution and general election on the new franchise took place in the autumn, and in January 1886 the Conservative Government had to meet a hostile majority in the new House. The House met on January 12, and it was a peculiar gratification to my father to be asked to propose the re-election of Mr Speaker Peel. Besides his great admiration for him as Speaker, he had a special regard for him as "the son of Sir Robert and the godson of the Duke," and was most anxious that his speech proposing him should be worthy of the occasion and of the man. After making it he wrote—

*Jan. 12, 1886.*

If I may judge by the compliments, "admirable," "first-rate," &c., from all quarters, I should say that the speech was a success. Of course I forgot some things and used some wrong words, and I

made one funny slip which made people laugh. The Speaker sent to me, and asked me to call him "member for Warwick and Leamington." I meant, as usual, all through to call him Mr Peel, but I brought it in once and made a slip, "Warwick and Liverpool"! My voice was quite strong. The Speaker thanked me very much, and I should think at least a hundred men have spoken to me about the speech.

*Jan. 13.*

The compliments commenced in the House, re-echoed in the lobbies, and were continued in the Carlton, so I think the family quartette have reason to be proud of the joint production! The front Opposition bench presented large gaps, although Goschen has returned to the fold and Playfair also. The Old Man looked bright and confident, Hartington glum and rather cross. I have accompanied Mr Speaker Elect in his small bob-wig to the Lords, and Halsbury has told us that her Majesty approves. Bright for some reason did not go. The Speaker has settled the Bradlaugh business admirably. There is much confusion in swearing. I am sworn. May followed up my blunder in a worse way, for he actually introduced me to the Speaker as "member for the University of Cambridge"!

A few days later my father dined with the Speaker, and met Mr and Mrs Gladstone.

*Jan. 28.*

The dinner at the Speaker's was interesting and amusing. I took Mrs Gladstone in to dinner, and played three rubbers against the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the G.O.M. himself as my partner. He was wonderfully cordial and pleasant. I thanked him before dinner for the valuable aid he had given me the day before in the House, and he praised the work of our Committee. He said he had sat in Cabinet with sixty men, and seemed in great spirits. We had bad luck: one deal I had only one trump and Gladstone none. However, the upshot was only three points against us, as we won one of the rubbers.

The Parliament elected in 1885 was a body from which my father anticipated evil results only, and he was greatly relieved by the dissolution in June 1886, after the rejection of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. He often expressed his fears as to the revolutionary spirit and the want of reverence

for authority shown on several occasions, and he was thankful that the question of Home Rule absorbed all the time and attention of the House, to the entire exclusion of other matters.

A zealous and loyal son of the Church, my father was naturally elected as a member of the House of Laymen when that body was first constituted, and he wrote an account of its first meeting in a letter to my mother:—

*Feb. 16, 1886.*

I duly went this morning to Henry VII. Chapel at 10.30, where there was Holy Communion for the Houses of Convocation and the House of Laymen. The Archbishop and ten bishops—London, Bangor, Gloucester and Bristol, Oxford, St Asaph, Hereford, Bath and Wells, Chichester, Lichfield, and Salisbury; about seventy of the House of Laymen, including Lords Devon, Powis, Selborne, Harrowby, Jersey, Cranbrook, and Norton; Beresford Hope, Hubbard, Sclater-Booth, Gathorne Hardy, Paget, &c. We were out at 11.45, and at 2 we returned, when the Archbishop, attended by eleven bishops, opened our House and read an address which lasted a

quarter of an hour. Then we elected Selborne chairman, knowing that he had refused and cannot sit this week! then Mr Spottiswoode vice-chairman, and we had a muddle of talk until 3.45. We named a committee consisting of Sclater-Booth, Joe Bailey, Beauchamp, Mr Gedge, and Mr Powell, a working man. Cranbrook and I declined to serve on it. I feel it would only worry me, and I prefer to see younger men there, who have faith in the experiment if there be such and are ready to work. I have been talking with many men since, and we are anything but satisfied with the start.

After the general election in July 1886 there was a great meeting of the party at the Carlton Club, which he attended.

*July 27.*

You may like to hear what passed at the Carlton. Salisbury made an excellent speech, and consulted the members of the House of Commons in particular as to whether we should meet in August, wind up Supply, and then begin afresh in January, or whether we should begin in October—he preferring the former course. Then Carnarvon spoke, expressing his thanks to Lord Salisbury, and his

earnest wishes for a strong Conservative Government. Then I spoke (mainly on the question of the August session, which I urged most strongly), and carried the meeting. Raikes expressed some doubts, but did not entirely dissent. Sir R. Fowler, Staveley Hill, and Sir H. Holland spoke in my view, and Tottenham and Beresford Hope asked questions; and so it is pretty nearly settled that we meet in August for business. I know nothing of allocation of offices; Lord Salisbury said he had no colleagues. Beach sat on his right, Cranbrook on his left—so there is no doubt as to Beach's position. I suspect Londonderry will go to Ireland: he sat in a prominent place. Randolph brought him in and placed him in communication with Beach.

The House met in August, and the brilliant start made as Leader of the House by Lord Randolph Churchill was a great satisfaction to my father, who took an almost paternal interest in his career, auguring a splendid future for him, grieving over his mistakes and faults of temper, and yet more over his premature end.

*Aug. 19, 1886.*

Our people have made a capital start last night. Lord Randolph sent his compliments and asked me to introduce him; so I took up the Leader of the House in company with Sir W. Barttelot. Then I was further in requisition to take up Sir H. Holland, and for a third time to take up Ashmead Bartlett. Lord Randolph made a most successful speech, very clear, able, and dignified. He made a good impression on both sides: the Liberal Unionists were quite delighted. The Old Man looked well, and is in better voice: he made a very nasty speech in some respects as to non-payment of rent in November. I had an opportunity of telling Randolph how pleased I was, and what the Liberal Unionists said of his speech. I had also a few words with Sir Michael Beach. I told him I thought it the most magnanimous thing I had ever known in public life. The arrangement seems to have been made at his own will,—he is certainly a very high-minded man. It was a pleasant start for me in the new House to conduct the new Leader and walk up on his right hand from the Bar to the Table.

Lord Iddesleigh's terribly sudden death

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on January 12, 1887, ended a life-long friendship. My father attended the funeral service held in Westminster Abbey, on January 18. He was very much impressed by the character of the gathering. The genuine feeling of personal affection shown on all sides was most remarkable, and of all the public funerals he attended I think he felt that this was the one where most personal feeling was displayed.

The sudden resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill and the death of Lord Iddesleigh had caused some alterations in the Administration, and when the House met in January 1887 it met under the Leadership of Mr W. H. Smith.

*Feb. 18, 1887.*

We had a very satisfactory night. The Speaker deserves all the compliments I paid him last year. He is a regular trump card. The new Leader also did admirably, and the loyalty of the Liberal Unionists is beyond praise. John Bright was there for many hours and voted like a man against

Dillwyn, and said that the Welsh Church can wait. Hartington, of course, stuck to it, and Joe Chamberlain came back from dinner and remained voting with us till 1.10. The M.P.'s for Oxford University and Prestwich were in all seven divisions.

I find this letter dated April 2, 1887 :—

A most exciting night ; the old man more wicked than ever. Quite a sensation from 12.30 to 2.50 ; three divisions, our men standing well together to the end : they lost one. I saw our majority *must* be bigger, because we had Talbot (the Father of the House) come over from Gladstone, also our two deserters, Selwyn and Evelyn, Randolph, Jesse Collings—altogether six, counting seven in division. After the third division Gladstone and Harcourt headed the front bench and walked off, the Liberal Unionists remaining ; then after yells and screams like wild beasts, and every possible insult to the Speaker, the Irish cleared off. Dillwyn, Labby, Conybeare, and about four challenged a division ; House cleared. Our men flowed up from below the bar, occupied the Irish seats, and filled the benches again ; and Sir Robert Fowler crossed over, took Gladstone's seat on the Privy Councillors' bench by the side of Hartington

and Chamberlain. It was a most remarkable scene any way,—only the prelude to worse, I fear; only we carried our point.

Interested as he was in all that concerned the forms of the House, the debates on procedure claimed his attention. He had taken part in them in 1882; and in 1887, when the Rules were again altered, he spoke more than once on the subject.

The recollections of the Westminster boy of 1831 were fresh to the mind of the M.P. of 1887, as the following letter shows:—

*June 18, 1887.*

I went into the Abbey yesterday to see all the arrangements. I am No. 30 in our House, and shall be in the second row. Apart from the sentiment of seeing the Queen in the Coronation Chair in the Abbey, the sight outside—a sight never before seen since the world began—the Sovereign of England, surrounded by such a cavalcade of sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons on horseback, including the Heir Apparent of the British Crown, and the Heir Apparent of the empire of Germany,

—will be the grandest spectacle. It is very interesting to me to think how like the place looks to what it did when I was there on September 7, 1831, before King William was crowned. I see the gallery in which the Westminster boys sat, and the connection behind which enabled us to see both the king crowned under the Lantern and the king in the Sacrarium receiving the Holy Communion ; and I can look down on the Peers below me and see old Lyndhurst again reading his 'Times' during the ceremony. We had a scene at the House last night, when all the Irish members walked out in a body, and we divided 332 to 162 : the Old Man walked out at the head, and so we closed the Committee on the Crimes Bills.

One matter about which my father was anxious, especially as he grew older and not able to attend so regularly at prayers, was to secure the seat which he occupied by courtesy ever since he left the front bench in 1874. The first opening of a new Parliament was the only time when his right to it was ever seriously in question. He wrote on January 31, 1893 :—

I was much disconcerted to find my place taken by Lord F. Hamilton and Barttelot's by Lord Carmarthen at 7. A.M.! However, I set it all right with Lord Frederick, and I hope I shall not have any further trouble. But you will be amused to hear that Dr Tanner came up in his blandest way and assured me that if any Irishman ever took my place, he would see to it and set it right! It was an awful scramble in the House.

Again, on February 13, 1893, he wrote on the day when Mr Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill :—

I was in the lobby at 11.30 and was closely packed in a queue reaching from the door to the corridor. People were wonderfully kind to me, took me in the middle, and guarded me through the rush, and I found my seat respected by everybody, so I remained in the House all day, leaving my hat to guard my seat. The Old Man's was a wonderful effort, although I scarcely think, as a matter of rhetoric, it was up to the former mark. It occupied exactly two hours and twenty minutes. It is impossible to offer an opinion on so elaborate a scheme; but I think it is too elaborate, and one

cannot but feel that if there are so many objections (which he admits and states) to all his proposals, he had better let things remain as they are.

The pleasantest incident in the session of 1893 was when my father went to Marlborough House in July as one of a deputation of five members to present the Address of congratulation from the House of Commons to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York on the marriage of the Duke of York.

My father had a great admiration for Lord Rosebery, and his pleasure in the Ch. Ch. Gaudy was always enhanced by Lord Rosebery's presence. He was there in June 1894 as Prime Minister, and just after he had won the Derby.

*June 22, 1894.*

I had a very pleasant visit to Oxford, and a good deal of chat with the Bishop and Mrs Creighton: he is evidently a very able man, and not a mere divine and historian. Commemoration was dull and the day wet. Merry of course

first-rate, although he did not say enough about Coleridge. Rosebery arrived at the Deanery soon after 6. His first question in the drawing-room was, "Where are the children?" So they were sent for, and he began to romp with them, and they made such a row running about the gallery. We dined a little over 100, and it was a real delight to sit next to "my young friend Rosebery," as I called him. The Dean made very good speeches,— "Queen," "Prince of Wales," "The Christ Church Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," — "Peel," "Derby," "Gladstone," "Salisbury," "Rosebery." The last responded so delightfully, and enlarged on all the Ch. Ch. Premiers of century xix.—Lord Grenville, Duke of Portland, Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning. He said he was "the least of the apostles, not worthy to be called an apostle." The Dean proposed the new D.C.L.'s, to which Sir E. Fry and Captain Mahan (U.S. Navy) responded,—a charming fellow. Then the Dean proposed the Burgesses. I responded, and proposed the Dean, and he responded and proposed Ch. Ch. It was rather a job to speak after two such men as Rosebery and Paget. However, they all seemed well pleased with what I said. I praised Rosebery for having kept up his classical

training, and said that any man might own a good horse, but it was not every one who could give him a good name (Ladas) and send one back to Juvenal.<sup>1</sup> When we came back to the Deanery our young friend kept us going till midnight.

*À propos* of this speech, I remember my father telling us afterwards that when Lord Rosebery made the quotation, his neighbour (a divine, I think) nudged him in the ribs and said, "Why doesn't he finish the quotation? why doesn't he finish the quotation?—'Because I persecuted the Church of God.'" The question of the Welsh Church was just then the question of the day.

In 1894 my father visited the Crimea with Sir John Pender, on his steam-yacht Electra. There were on board Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mr Bayard, the American

<sup>1</sup> "Pauper locupletem optare podagram  
Nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra."

Ambassador, Lord Kelvin, and others. I give some extracts from his diary:—

*Aug. 19.*—I appeared on deck at 7 A.M., exclaiming, “Est in conspectu Tenedos?” Wolseley answered, “I knew you would say so.” We had such a delicious time with Tenedos on our left—Besika Bay, Sigeum, Mount Ida. Troy behind a low hill. Scamander *towering* out from the plain, and the tombs of Achilles, Ajax, and Patroclus. Then we passed through the Dardanelles, the Asian Castle Chanak very picturesque—an old medieval fort and new earth fortifications up to date—the old big marble shells piled up in heaps along the shore; then by Sestos and Abydos, and so past Gallipoli. I amused them by repeating the lines about

“Here I am and here I stay,  
Anchored in Besika Bay,”

which even Wolseley did not know.

*Aug. 22.*—Arrived at Sebastopol. Black Sea mild as Marmora, and amiable as the *Æ*gean after the boisterous Bosphorus. The place has surprised me. There are here and there a few houses shattered by the siege. But the whole

town is practically rebuilt,—looks as bright as Naples and much cleaner, and does credit to Russian energy. Left cards on the Governor, Admiral, and General. Drove to Flagstaff Bastion, afterwards to Cathcart's Hill, then, leaving Redan to left, to Malakoff. The Governor and Admiral of the Port in full uniform dined with us and the British Consul.

23rd.—Started at 8 in four carriages, each with three horses. Drove to Alma, twenty miles very rough road. Walked to Telegraph Hill and various spots on the battlefield. Lunched in a cool spot outside an orchard shaded with poplars and willows on bank of the river.

24th.—Started at 10 in a launch for Inkerman Bridge, a beautiful twenty minutes' run to mouth of Tchernaya. Then Pender, our consul, and I went along the Tchernaya under the heights of Inkerman, saw the spot where the astounding folly of the charge of the Light Brigade blotted our Balaclava victory. Wolseley, Wood, Portsmouth, and Ardagh rode. Had tea with the Governor and his wife and her sister and brother; sat at table in a large balcony,—tea, wine, and fruit. Ladies talked English. The Russian Black Sea fleet espied in harbour—six ironclads. Torpedo-

boats, &c., all ready to start for the Golden Horn when required! I am more struck than ever by the folly and futility of the war into which we drifted in 1854, and I should like to send the effigies of Aberdeen and Gladstone to light a bonfire on some commanding height.

*Aug. 31.*—Had a most interesting audience with his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. We drove in three carriages up to the Mosque where the Selamlik is held. We occupied the same kiosk as I did in 1890. The Sultan arrived soon after 12.30. His coachman drove. Osman Pacha (the hero of Plevna) sat opposite to him. The Sultan drove himself back—driving alone with no servants, although attended by people on foot and horseback. During service we had Russian tea with lemon, and were invited to go to another kiosk (that of the Ambassadors). There we found the Italian Ambassador (Signor Catalani) and his son, a youth of eighteen (grandson of old Musurus), who has just left Harrow after gaining the first prize for Shakespeare and Latin. His father introduced me to him, and I had a good deal of chat. Ambassadors were necessarily intended to have an audience. Mr Bayard was introduced by his Minister. Our turn came last. We were

taken upstairs, through two rooms into the presence-chamber, where were the Sultan and his Chamberlain, Munir Pacha. The room was very dark. Abdul Hamid looks much older than his age (fifty-two), is very Jewish, with an aquiline nose, and dignified. He shook hands with us all separately. Then the chief dragoman to our Embassy presented each one—speaking in Turkish. The Sultan spoke in Turkish. The dragoman translated the Sultan's speeches into English, and our replies, which were in English, into Turkish. To Lord Wolseley, who was first, the Sultan said very little. He addressed Sir J. Pender next, then Lord Portsmouth, and Lord Kelvin. He then said to me he hoped I liked his country. I told him I had visited it before, and was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing it again. He said it did not look well now in consequence of the earthquake. I replied England had sympathised with the sufferers at Constantinople, and we had done what we could to express our sympathy. Sir Evelyn Wood's turn came next, and the Sultan asked if he had been in the Crimean war. He said he had. He was then in the navy, and served in the trenches. His Majesty looked more animated and pleased during his talk with Wood than at any other time. Then

he asked some casual question of Sir J. Ardagh, and added he was sorry he could not see more of us, as it was a very busy day (being his Accession day seventeen years ago), and he had to give so many audiences. Then he shook hands again with each of us separately, and we bowed ourselves out and retired.

Returning, went through the Canal recently opened.

In April 1895 my father was greatly gratified by being asked to propose Sir M. White Ridley for the Speakership, by the special desire of both Mr Balfour and Sir Matthew. He wrote on April 8 :—

Whitbread and I have conferred, and we shall not abuse each other or each other's candidate. The Speaker has just given us a most charming valedictory address, quite like himself; so when Gladstone and two generations of Peeles have passed away, it almost seems time for me to go also.

And on April 10 :—

You will like to know how “the speech” went off. I think I may without vanity say it was a

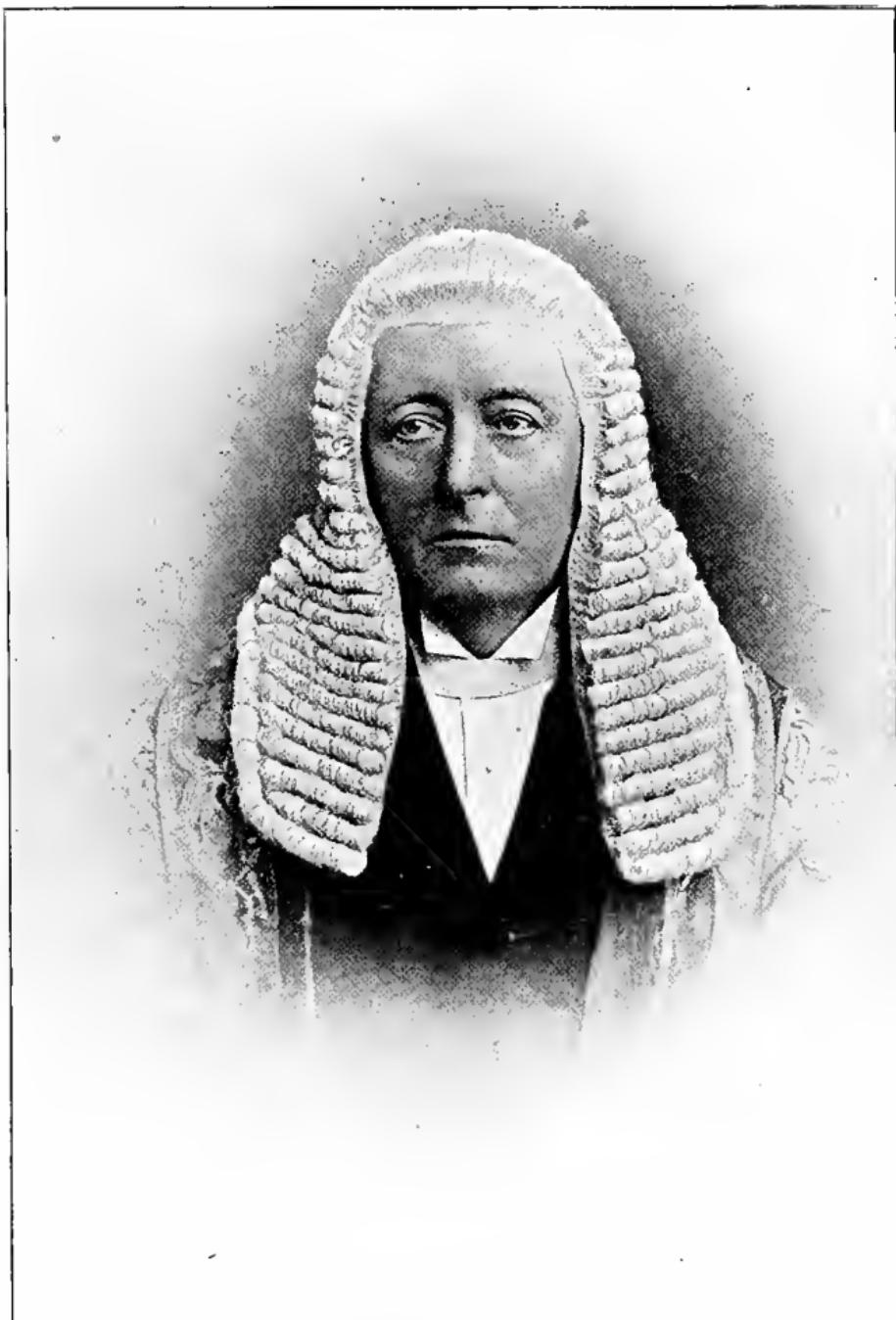
distinct success. I have been overwhelmed with compliments, not only from our own side, but from Tim Healy, who told me there was so much fun and wit in it, and Blake, who said, "Sir John Mowbray, why don't you speak oftener in the House?" John Burns said I had almost converted him; Willie Redmond, that I *had* converted him, Dr Tanner, &c. Walter Foster told me they were all delighted on the Treasury bench, and George Lefevre said it was the best speech I had made in my life. The House was with me all through, and I made two or three distinct hits. Whitbread looked as if he did not like his task. You would have been amused, too, at the "perfect ovation" I got at the Carlton—members of our House, those who were in the Gallery, all coming up to congratulate. People on both sides said I had the honours of the day.

He and his candidate no doubt had the honours of the day; but from the moment Mr Gully was elected, my father, as may be seen in earlier pages, conceived the highest opinions of his powers and of his firmness and knowledge of the ways of the

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House. When the time came for the new House to meet, with a majority of 150 for Lord Salisbury's Government, and feelings were divided as to whether the majority should disregard what had happened earlier in the year and elect a Speaker from among themselves, my father exerted his influence strongly in favour of the constitutional practice of retaining a Speaker, with the result that he had the unique experience of proposing as Speaker, in August, the candidate he had opposed in April. There was nothing forced or insincere in what he said in August, as Mr Speaker Gully had won golden opinions from him by his management of the House during May and June.

He has already mentioned having presented the Address from Oxford University on her Majesty's Jubilee in 1897. He enjoyed doing so extremely, and was delighted with the show made by Oxford, the deputation (consisting of about thirty) being



*From a photo by B. Scott & Son, Carlisle.*

**SPEAKER GULLY.**



headed by Lord Salisbury in full robes, his train borne by two grandsons. Cambridge sent twenty, headed by the Duke of Devonshire, with Mr Victor Cavendish as train-bearer. London University mustered about a dozen. It was a beautiful scene: the Throne Room was lined with the Indian Service Corps, and he specially noted how well the Queen looked, and how admirably Lord Salisbury read the Address.

The question as to the Fathership of the House after Mr Villiers' death afforded him some amusement. I may add that he never had any doubt himself as to his right to the title. On the first day of the session of 1898 he wrote:—

Things have been very pleasant and amusing. First the policeman's greeting, "Hope you are quite well, Sir John; you have quite recovered your colour." Then the chorus in the House and lobbies is, "How well you look!" Cohen said, "You want to be the Father of the House, but I

shall vote against you on one ground only—you look too young; you look younger than you did last year." The Speaker's greeting was very pleasant, and I hope significant: as he shook me by the hand he said, "I suppose I must greet you as Father of the House in spite of what I read to the contrary." Men of all shades of opinion seem to take the same view, and if I may draw any conclusion, the feeling of the House is very much in my favour. Dr Tanner said, "Now you are the Father, we must look after your health." The three Clerks all greeted me in a row. Palgrave said something on saluting the Father, Milman followed, and said "Undoubtedly," and then Jenkinson joined in chorus.

My father's interest in young men was very marked, and I think that it grew stronger as years went on. Any young man of promise on either side of the House attracted his attention. Amongst those whose careers he specially watched I may mention Mr Asquith, and in later years Sir E. Grey; and, above all, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whom he had watched from his Eton days,

rejoicing in the brilliant speeches which he made whilst Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and often saying, "They must take him into the Cabinet."

During the many years of his parliamentary life there were very few members for whom he had not a good word, and in return, I believe, few who had not a kindly feeling for him. Mr Justin M'Carthy has spoken in his *Reminiscences* of his pleasant intercourse with my father, and the feeling of respect and regard was mutual. With the Labour Members also he was always friendly. His dislike of Mr Bradlaugh's opinions did not prevent him from holding a very high view of Mr Bradlaugh's capacity. With Mr John Burns he was on most friendly terms; and he had quite a bond of union with Mr Broadhurst in the love and admiration they both felt for Oxford, and, above all, for Christ Church. Mr Broadhurst often referred to the time when he

had worked on the repairs to the Cathedral, now many years ago.

The following letter is only dated November 23, but I am almost certain that it was November 1898, and I therefore insert it as a little notice of what was, I believe, the last dinner of the sort at which he was present :—

I had a most enjoyable dinner yesterday. You may have seen what a brilliant gathering it was : Lord Chancellor, Speaker, Lord Chief-Justice of England, Attorney - General—everybody was so specially kind to me, and said I was looking so well. I was taken in to dinner by the Master of the Bench, Lord Grimthorpe, and sat by him and the Lord Chancellor, so you may suppose I was happy !

My father went to the opening of Parliament on February 7, 1899, and wrote his last letter about the House on that day :—

It does one good always to come up to this House, where all people are without exception so kind.

Everywhere the same remark greets me, "We are all so glad to see you looking so well." I have had most satisfactory chats with Halsey and John Ellis, and they both agree to help to carry on the Committees.

He voted against Mr S. Smith's amendment to the Address, with regard to discipline in the Church of England, and then left the House—only to return for the Budget speech on Thursday, April 13. He went there again on the following Monday, when he left it to return no more. His love for it remained to the last, and no ending to his life could have been more fitting than that he should have spent the last hours he passed out of his own house in that other House which he had known and loved for seventy years.

I have said nothing here as to my father's views on Church questions, nor is this the place to do so at length. From a constitutional point of view, I know that he re-

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gretted that the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874 had not been submitted to Convocation before being introduced into Parliament, and to the end of his life he was what I suppose would be described as an old-fashioned High Churchman. The following letter to Mr Nye, written on April 15, a week before he died, may be of interest, as showing the freshness of his interests and the tenacity of his judgment up to the last:—

A heavy domestic affliction has involved my absence from London for more than two months. Upon my return I find your kind letter with your valuable book, 'The Story of the Oxford Movement.' I accept your kind gift with much gratitude, and I may add that I had previously read it with great satisfaction.

You place the Oxford Movement and most of its leaders in their true position. They had no sympathy with the Ritualism of this *fin-de-siècle* age. Pusey and Keble and many others had no sympathy with what attracts so many of our

younger clergy and offends the English laity. And it is well that the truth should be set forth by one who knows what he is writing about. Mr Walsh's so-called 'History' of the movement is nothing of the kind.

This was probably the last letter he ever wrote, and it may fitly conclude these fragmentary reminiscences — showing him to have been in the truest sense "qualis ab incepto"—consistent to the close.



XIV.

GREAT FIGURES OF LATER YEARS



## XIV.

### *GREAT FIGURES OF LATER YEARS.*

BRIGHT—LORD COLERIDGE—DISRAELI—GLADSTONE—THE GLADSTONE PORTRAIT IN THE HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH.

IN previous articles [Sir John wrote] I have said something of the great figures at Westminster during my earlier political career. A word or two now about one or two of the most distinguished of my later contemporaries. Mr Bright, of course, was one of the great figures of this period, as he was of the earlier which ended with the death of Palmerston. It is not necessary to add to what I have said already about his eloquence. He was always very greatly in earnest. I recollect his once saying something or other

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in the Quaker vein, and Palmerston, in replying, referred to him as the “Reverend Gentleman”! There was no love lost between the two. But Mr Bright was in earnest about everything. His keenness in voting for the Union, and in upholding it in all matters and not merely in the Irish Question, was extraordinary. He was a very simple man. I remember once going upstairs with him after dinner, and he said to me, “Who’s that man with the legs?” “That’s a dean,” I answered. He was aware that it wasn’t a bishop, but he was a man who wouldn’t know the differences and distinctions of that kind.

Lord Coleridge was very fond of Bright, whom I used to meet frequently at his dinners. Bright could unbend very well. I enjoyed a long and close intimacy with Coleridge, who was full of stories, and a capital teller of them. He dined with me not long before his death. Coleridge was

telling about Bowen's funeral, and after the ladies left I sat down beside him, and asked him, "Will Russell get Bowen's place?" "Yes," Coleridge said. "He shan't have my place, I know," he added. He caught the chill the next day which carried him off, and Russell did get his place.

Lord Derby was very quick and able, though always perhaps a little indifferent to office. But he was most industrious in office. He was a wonderful correspondent, answering his letters promptly and in his own beautiful handwriting. In this he was like Lord Salisbury.

Mr Gathorne Hardy and Sir Stafford Northcote were intimate and lifelong friends, and it must ever be a pleasure to think of this long and unbroken intercourse which I enjoyed with such men. Others have been taken whose premature loss we have to deplore,—Lord Randolph Churchill, endeared to his friends, and admired by all for his

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brilliant genius and high courage ; Mr W. H. Smith, animated by the highest sense of duty, called to lead the House under unusual conditions, and fulfilling that difficult task in a way to command the approbation of friends and foes alike, and dying at his post.

Mr Disraeli was a consummate Leader of every House, whether he was in a majority or minority, full of consideration for everybody, and conciliating all by his imperturbable temper and his inimitable tact. But of him I must also speak in terms of personal affection. From the first moment when I had the privilege of making his acquaintance as a private member in 1853 to the last time when I saw Lord Beaconsfield in Curzon Street, not long before his death in 1881, I found him always the same —a frank, kind, and cordial friend, and most free and easy in conversation. I will not attempt to enlarge on his marvellous genius

and his foresight, which went far beyond that of any man with whom I ever came in contact. They are indelibly recorded in the history of England. But I may be permitted to have the satisfaction of recalling the man as I knew him in his personal relations.

Mr Disraeli would never see the gloomy side, and very often on this account deceived himself about a majority. He was always ready to converse with any member of his party, in this respect being very different from Mr Gladstone. To old friends he was always very grateful. There was one—a Yorkshire gentleman, I believe—who lent him a very large sum of money at the beginning of his parliamentary career, to pay off his debts and so leave him unencumbered. This gentleman, to the end of his days, was invited to the dinner which Disraeli always gave on his birthday.

In Lady Beaconsfield he had a valuable

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support. She was an enthusiastic sympathiser with him in all his interests, and was devoted to him. When in the Commons, he was constantly at work, and gave himself little rest. He used to dine late at night, and very sparingly, always with a bottle of Beaune. Once, referring to this hasty dinner and assiduous attendance, I said to Lady Beaconsfield that I could not understand how he kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights,—Dizzy always likes lights; and then he tells me everything that has happened in the House, and then I clap him off to bed."

I would speak with grateful recollection of my intercourse with Mr Gladstone. I had admired him in my Oxford days, when the M.P. for Newark, the "hope of the unbending Tories," made an occasional appearance in Christ Church, being still a student.

I knew him slightly, and had been a member of his committee in 1847 and 1852, during his first two contests for the University. I was chairman of the committee which succeeded in seating Mr Hardy in his place in 1865. It is pleasant to recall the fact that when he took his seat afterwards as member for South-West Lancashire, he crossed the floor of the House and shook hands with me. And while he led the House from 1880 to the time when he left it in 1894, I knew that if at any time the action of the Committee of Selection was called in question, I could always rely on his favourable construction of that action, and his unfailing support. He was kind and generous, incapable of entertaining any sort of vindictive feeling arising out of previous antagonism, but rather likely to fall back on the memory of past times, when I might have been regarded as a faithful follower.

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But he was intolerant of opposition, and of this I may mention a curious example. I have already related how I was present at the fire of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. Many years later I was dining at the Temple, and Mr Gladstone, who was very affectionate on this occasion, sat next me. He made a speech in which he congratulated the lawyers present on the fusion of Law and Equity, and on the New Courts of Justice. When speaking later in the evening, I said that I knew nothing about the fusion of Law and Equity, but that I had to differ from Mr Gladstone about the Courts of Law. I regretted the change from Westminster Hall, because they were separated from the Legislature; and I went on to quote a remark of Sir Frederick Thesiger's on the occasion of the burning of the Houses of Parliament. Some one had said at the time that it was a pity Westminster Hall was not burned on the

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same occasion, and then the Law Courts might have been built in a more convenient situation. “Yes,” said Thesiger, “and if they had, what a *pettifogging* profession ours would have become.” Mr Gladstone got very angry, caught hold of my arm, and said, “Wasn’t it inevitable?” I replied that I knew nothing about that; only, I didn’t think the change a matter for congratulation. I had spoken of the front of the House of Lords falling in. “Who said the front fell in?” Gladstone cried. “Didn’t we use it long afterwards?” That was quite true, for it was a false front that fell in. But I was able (as I had already explained) to reply that I knew what I was speaking about, for I had seen it, and remembered Sir Frederick Thesiger’s remark next day. The company cheered; but Gladstone did not like the contradiction.

[There is a story, about the portrait of

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Mr Gladstone which now hangs in the Hall of Christ Church, which my father was fond of telling, and is curious enough to find a place amongst his reminiscences of Mr Gladstone. It was suggested that Christ Church ought to possess a portrait of Mr Gladstone, to hang in the Hall amongst the other illustrious sons of "the House" already there. My father entered warmly into the scheme, funds were collected, and a portrait was painted by Mr Watts. It was shown at the Gaudy in June 1878, and hung in the Hall west of the portrait of Mr Canning. The picture was not liked, and in May 1879 the Dean (Dr Liddell) took it back to Mr Watts with a view to certain alterations. Mr Watts painted out the face, and asked Mr Gladstone to give him sittings at his studio for a fresh portrait. Mr Gladstone refused, but said Mr Watts might come to Hawarden and paint him there! In the end the picture never came back to Christ

Church, and Mr Watts returned the money. The task was then confided to Mr W. Richmond (now Sir W. Richmond). A portrait was painted, which was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in May 1882, but never came to Christ Church: it was described by 'Punch' as "Mr Gladstone after sweeping his own chimney, with a *sootable* expression"! Sir William Richmond returned the money. Sir John Millais then undertook to do a portrait, and Mr Gladstone sat to him—but Lord Rosebery secured the portrait. Mr Gladstone had said that it was the last time he would sit; but when he found that Lord Rosebery and not Christ Church had become the owner of the picture, and that Sir John Millais proposed to send a replica to Oxford, he said he would sit once more for Christ Church. This portrait, therefore, which was hung in Christ Church Hall on October 15, 1885, is the latest portrait painted of Mr Gladstone.]



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